National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XV. NO. 1. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854. WHOLE NO. 729.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Pro-Slavery.

A DIPLOMATIC MISSIONARY OF SLAVERY.

From The Petersburg Virginian

In the Charleston (Va.) *Spirit of Jefferson* we find a letter from Copenhagen, written probably by Mr. Bedinger, our chargé at that place. We make the following extracts from this letter, which is *curious* in several particulars:

For a week or two past, the British fleet was anchored within twenty miles of this place, and many persons from here availed themselves of the opportunity to see it. Admiral Sir Charles Napier has made us two or three visits, and on Saturday last I had the honour of dining with him at Mr. Buchanan's, the English minister (don't confound him with our Mr. Buchanan at London!!). The commander of the British Baltic fleet is a gentleman in the sixty-ninth year of his age, but, to all appearance, as stout and hearty as need be. He is about the size of our excellent friend, Wm. Grove, Esq., and is not entirely unlike him in appearance, except that, in the place of the benevolent countenant of the latter gentleman, the admiral has rather *hard* features and stern expression of face.

The place assigned me at the dinner table (your place in this part of the world is assigned you, upon all occasions, and you must be careful not to take any place that is not assigned you!) was on the l.t. hand of the "Lion" himself, so that I had a g.d opportunity of conversing with and listening to him during the two hours and a half which the dinner lasted. I found him intelligent, affable and agreeable, and quite disposed to talk, particularly about our country and our people. He spoke much, and asked me many questions about the United States: he was in the British fleet at the taking of Alexandria during the war, witnessed the capture of Washington city, and the famous battle of the "White House," &c. He gave me some amusing and interesting incidents of those days; and, among other things, he described certain marvellous achievements performed by the Baltimore clippers, which, he said, he had never yet seen equalled by any other vessels. "Why, sir," he said, "those fellows were the most daring rascals I ever saw in my life; I assure you they seemed to care no more for us than if they had been wild ducks, and could dive as well as fly.

"They would sail near us, and pass us, and around us, as if taunting us to attempt the capture of them; which, indeed, we often did, but we might just as well have undertaken to capture sea-gulls. However, we did catch one of them; she was a little too daring, and by undertaking a certain manœuvre (which Sir Charles described at length, but which I am not sailor enough to give to you), she got aground and we got her. She was a splendid model, a splendid craft; I assure you she was a perfect beauty," &c.

After a while, as I had anticipated, our conversation turned upon the subject of Slavery. The English like to talk upon that subject. The Admiral asked me if I did not believe that it would soon be abolished in the Southern States of our Union. I replied that I hoped and believed not; that I thought its abolition much less probable now than it had ever been; that the slaveholder had a firmer grasp upon his slave now than he has ever held before, and that I regarded that fact as a subject of congratulation, not to the South alone, but to the whole world, inasmuch as I regard the institution of Slavery, as it exists with us, as most conservative in its tendencies and most beneficial in its results, not only to the whites, but to the negroes also.

He seemed somewhat astonished, and said he had always supposed that everybody admitted it to be a curse, and that the only obstacle to its abolition was the danger and difficulty of liberating so many negroes in our midst. I told him I was aware that such was the generally received opinion, but that it was erroneous; that the frequent discussions of the subject had displayed it in its true light to the majority of sensible persons with us, and had demonstrated the fact that, so far from being a *curse, it was a peculiar blessing vouchsafed by a beneficent Providence as well to the doomed inhabitants of unhappy Africa as to their masters, the more fortunate white*, &c. "Ah, but," he replied, "it must be attended with many evils, with great suffering and much brutality," and here he repeated many of the thrice refuted slanders and falsehoods, upon the subject, which every Englishman has pat at his fingers' ends.

I replied that I knew of scarcely anything good in this world that was not liable to abuse and attended with a certain portion of evil. And speaking of the "brutality" exercised towards the slaves, I said, "I think it very probable Sir Charles, that in the course of your long experience you have witnessed as much brutality in the British navy as you would have witnessed had you spent your life in the midst of the slaveholders of Virginia." He said, "I dare say, I dare say—God knows I've seen enough; there was a time when sailors *had* to be treated almost like brutes, but that time is past, and one can get along now by treating them differently—still all that is not like Slavery; Slavery cannot be justified or defended." "But," said I, "like the condition of the British sailor, the condition of the slave is becoming ameliorated and improved every day of the the world, and if his yoke is at this day galling in the least, it is only because his ruthless enemies, the Abolitionists, have forced his master to tighten it upon his neck." He returned to the attack and quoted "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "*But that you know*," said I, "*is a huge collection of falsehoods.*"

"I will admit," said he, "that it may contain exaggerations, but there must be some foundation in truth for the story it tells." "Yes," said I, "such foundation as I could easily find for writing a book condemning the institution of marriage as it exists in England at present. For the last six or eight months past there seems to have existed among your people a perfect monomania for beating and maiming and murdering their wives. I never glance at your police reports, that I am not sickened by the recital of some fresh instances of this peculiar species of barbarism. Women with their noses knocked from their faces, or their eyes bunged up, their teeth smashed out, their arms broken or their skulls cut open, daily appear before your magistrates suing for the protection of their miserable lives against the fury of their beastly husbands, whose barbarism you punish by three and six months' hard labour—nothing more! And but the other day I saw that a certain English farmer 'in easy circumstances' accomplished the death of his old mother by a long process of freezing, starvation, and frequent beatings with the 'stalk of a gig whip.' Here, certainly was 'some foundation' for a book that *might* be written against marriage in England, and against the having of sons, too, for that matter. Still, I presume, as a general thing, it is proper to marry, even in England, though I believe *our* Abolitionists would abolish marriage as well as Slavery if they could. What I *do* say, Sir Charles, is this, that wife-beating, woman maiming and mother killing never take place among slaves, or in those communities where slaves are held."

The admiral was far from yielding, and as he met every argument I advanced with the old exclamation, "Oh, Slavery cannot be justified: it cannot be defended; the civilized world condemns and revolts at it,' etc., etc., I exclaimed, somewhat warmly, at length, "But how can you say so, Sir Charles, why the —— can it not be justified? I have justified it, and you have not attempted to refute what I have said. I have defended it, and you cannot say that my defence is not a good one, a just one; the civilized world does not condemn it; for the United States, Spain, Brazil, Russia and Turkey (as civilized as some Christian countries I could name), form a considerable part of the civilized world, yet they do not condemn it. It can be sustained, it is sustained and it will be sustained as long as this world continues what God made it," etc., etc.

Sir Charles looked at me a moment, smiled at my enthusiasm, and then said, "Oh, Slavery is a very bad thing, and ought to be put down!" *Behold the result of all my talk!* I had shaken the prejudices of the English admiral about as much as if I had entertained him by singing "Old Dan Tucker." Learn from this the folly of striving with men resolved to hold their own opinions. You may convince them, but if you do, it is "against their will," and you know the effect of that.

However, Sir Charles made me very ample compensation by speaking in flattering terms of our country and our people. After making so many compliments, he said, "I begin to believe in the description which some one of your orators gave of the American eagle, when he said, 'he sits on the top of the Alleghany, dips his beak in the Atlantic, and his tail in the Pacific, stretches one wing over Canada, and the other over Mexico, and grasps the continent in his claws!'" Well, thinks I, that is'nt a bad eagle either: so I got him to repeat it, remember it, and *am resolved to import it and produce it in the next stump speech that I shall have the blessed privilege of making on the soil of the Old Dominion.*

HOW CUBA MUST COME IN.

If Northern men madly suppose that Cuba, when acquired, *will be admitted into the Union as a free State*, they are grievously mistaken. Such an event is not upon the calendar of probabilities, and, if it were, it requires not the gift of prophesy to foretell that *the South would never submit to its consummation.* To thus submit would be not only to resign its duty and its interests, but it would amount to even a surrender of the right of self preservation—to deliberately shut its eyes to a danger that menaced its very existence. Who can doubt the effect upon the entire South, of allowing Cuba to be erected into a free State? To be garrisoned by Abolitionists, and converted into a den of Abolition thieves and outlaws? It is very certain that *the South can never consent to be surrounded by a cordon of Free States.* To be pent up, cramped, dwarfed without due elbow room, and without the requisite outlets to its surplus slave population. To admit Cuba, therefore, without Slavery, would be the beginning of the end—it would be the entering wedge to the successful establishment of the cherished Abolition policy of extinguishing Slavery by blockading it, and confining it within its present limits.—*Richmond Whig.*

Selections.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE WILKESBARRE SLAVE MATTER.

May, 1854.

The U. S. A., *ex relatione*, James Crossin, John Jenkins, and George Wynkoop,
vs
Samuel Allen, Sheriff of Philadelphia.
C. C. U. S. Sup. Hab. Corp.

Opinion of Judge Kane.

THIS is one more branch of the controversies—I sincerely hope it may be the last—that have grown out of the attempted arrest of a fugitive slave in Wilkesbarre, last September. The relators are the Deputy Marshals of the United States, who were charged to make that arrest. They are held in custody by the Sheriff of Philadelphia, under a warrant of outlawry from the quarter sessions of Luzerne County, based on an indictment found there by the grand jury. The indictment charges them with riot, assault and battery, and assault with attempt to kill.

Upon their arrest by the Sheriff, they presented a petition to me for a writ of *habeas corpus*, averring that all their action in the matter which forms the subject and cause of the indictment was lawful on their part, and in pursuance of a legal warrant directed to them by a duly-constituted Commissioner of the United States, and endorsed by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. And now having been brought before me on the return of the writ, they offer to prove the averments of their petition; and they are met by the assertion, on the part of the Commonwealth of Penn-sylvania that they are concluded by the warrant and its accompanying indictment, and cannot be allowed to go behind the record of the State Court.

The question is a grave one, and it has been argued on both sides with great ability and force. On the one hand, I am admonished that I shall hazard a collision with the rightful and rightfully exercised authority of the State court, if I allow myself to anticipate or to review its action; on the other, a statute of the United States is invoked by the Federal officers, the application of which they affirm to be indispensable to their protection in the discharge of their official duties. I am told, on both sides, that I cannot escape the dilemma; I must solve or encounter it.

Let me say, before I enter on the discussion of the question, that considerations like these, however they may affect my feeling as a citizen, or however they might control my action if I were empowered to prescribe the law, can exert but a very limited influence on my judicial administration of the law, as it stands. The laws of the United States, made in pursuance of the Constitution, are binding on me, anything in the Constitution or statutes to the contrary notwithstanding. My function is not to *criticise*, but to *ascertain* what those laws are, and, having ascertained, to enforce them.

I have no common-law powers. My authority to award the writ of *habeas corpus* at all is derived from the statutes of the United States; and the effect of the writ when issued, and the powers and duties which it devolves on me, are such only, but altogether such, as may be legitimately deduced from the language of some act of Congress.

The act under which I awarded this writ is in these words:

"That either of the Justices of the Supreme Court, or a Judge of the District Court of the United States, in addition to the authority already conferred by law, shall have power to grant writs of *habeas corpus* in all cases of a prisoner or prisoners, in jail or confinement, when he or they shall be committed or confined, on or by any authority or law, for any act done, or omitted to be done, in pursuance of a law of the United States, or any order, process, or decree, of any judge or court thereof."—*A. C., 2 Mar. 1833, § 57.—(4 S. L. 634.)*

In deciding the case that was before me, some three months ago, between the same parties, I adverted to the spirit of this section, as illustrated by the context, and by the time and circumstances of its enactment. On this point I have nothing to add. The phraseology of the statute is unequivocal in its import, and entirely consonant with its apparent object. It applies in broad and general terms to all officers of the United States, by whatever law or authority confined—with only this limitation, that the confinement must be for an act done or omitted in pursuance of a law of the United States, or in obedience to process of the Federal courts.

This limitation presents the only question on which I have to pass. I am not called upon to inquire by what form of process the relators are held, by whom was it solicited or authorized, or issued or executed; but whether our officers are or are not imprisoned for acts done by them in pursuance of law or process. This is clearly in part a question of fact: and it seems to me that, in determining it, I cannot be restricted to the evidence which may be found among the records of another court.

An illustration or two, not altogether without suggestive analogies in the history of our times, may make this plainer than a studied argument. If, in a momentary fervour, a State should so far forget the Constitution of the United States as to denounce every apprehension of a fugitive as a battery or a riot, and a court were to sentence the Marshal's officers because they had obeyed the act of Congress of 1850—or, if the statute of a State had inhibited the collection of duties on imported goods, and the State court had imprisoned an officer of the customs for disregarding the enactment—or, if a State, in the transcendental spirit of reform, should forbid the infliction of capital punishment within its borders as a crime, and her courts were to convict our marshal of felony for executing our writ that commanded him to inflict it—can any one doubt, whether under the words or according to the spirit of this section, it would be my duty to discharge him? A Federal officer undergoing imprisonment for an act definitely enjoined on him by the laws and process of the United States!

And yet, I can well imagine that the record in either of these cases would say nothing of the official character of the prisoner, or of his justification, under the authority of the General Government. If, then, the act of Congress is to be made operative for the protection of the officer, he must be permitted to go behind or beyond the record under which he is confined. And if he could claim to do this, even after conviction, how much more clearly before? If not concluded by the result of a trial, of which he had notice, and in which he perhaps took part, how much more clearly not by the preliminary action of a committing magistrate, or the *ex parte* finding of a grand jury!

The rule which has been referred to as obtaining so generally in the cases of concurrent jurisdiction that the court which first asserts jurisdiction shall retain it to the end, does not apply. That is a rule of comity, founded on the general convenience, seeking to avert a conflict of action between two sets of courts. It assumes that the jurisdictions are concurrent, and the controversies the same.

But in cases like that before me, either the subjects of controversy in the two courts are not the same, but the proceedings involve differing questions of law or fact, or invoke differing modes of relief or censure, or else, all these being the same in the two courts, it was the object and purpose of the act of Congress to make the jurisdiction of the Federal court revisory, and its action controlling, for the very reason that, otherwise, such a conflict might exist between the two. On the first of these suppositions there has been no prior assertion of jurisdiction by the tribunal of the State; on the other, the relation of the Federal to the State courts is adversary rather than concurrent. In a word, then, as I read the section, it is my duty to hear and determine, notwithstanding the proceedings that have been had before a State court, just so far as may bear upon the question of the relators' right to a discharge under the laws of the United States. But no further. I am not to decide the question of their guilt or innocence upon the charges preferred in this indictment. I have no authority to do this, either without or with a jury. My duties are performed when I have released the prisoner from unlawful imprisonment; for that imprisonment is unlawful, however formal it may be, that affects to punish for an act enjoined or justified by the supreme law of the land; or, when I have remanded him to abide his sentence, or to take his trial.

It has been urged, with great emphasis, that my order, if it shall withdraw the relators from the prosecution pending against them, will, in effect, prevent their trial by jury at all, since there is no act of Congress under which they can be indicted for an abuse of process. I do not question the deduction, for it does not vary my duty. It only makes it a graver and more anxious one, and perhaps cumulates the reasons why I should seek to perform discreetly.

It will not be an anomaly, however, if the action of this court shall interfere with the trial of these prisoners by a jury. Our Constitutions secure that mode of trial as a right to the accused; but they nowhere recognise it as a right of the Government, either State or Federal, still less of an individual prosecutor. The action of a jury is overruled constantly by the granting of new trials after conviction; it is arrested by the entering of *nolle prosequis* while the case is at the bar; it is made ineffectual at any time by the discharge on *habeas corpus*—it is in many cases controlled, or even negatived in advance, by the judge's certificate of probable cause. And there is no harm in this. No one imagines that because a man is accused, he must therefore, of course, be tried. Public prosecutions are not devised for the purpose of indemnifying the wrongs of individuals—still less of retaliating them. Their objects are general; they look to the public well-being; and if this can be more readily or more certainly promoted by withholding the cause from trial than by pressing it on to a verdict, it is politic, and it is not unjust so to withhold it.

Yet, though the Marshal or his deputy cannot be tried by a jury, if he has acted in obedience to Federal process, he may still be punished if he has abused it, and that by the court itself from which the process issued. The misbehaviour of any of our officers in their official transactions is a contempt, especially excepted from the operation of the act of 1831; and being so excepted, it remains within our judicial cognizance. We may vindicate, therefore, the abuse of our process in the most summary manner, and with an emphasis of censure that can rarely be incommensurate with the offence.*

And, on the other hand, there seems to be good reason why the court which issued the writ should itself judge of the fidelity with which it has been executed, and either punish or protect its ministerial officer. The process is not merely a warrant, but a mandate also, to be obeyed by the officer without regard to his judgment of its propriety, or his sympathies, or his fears. And the same local statute, the same sectional excitement, the same indignant feeling, whether enlightened and honest or the reverse of both, which denounces the Marshal for execution of a writ, should more properly condemn the Judge for awarding it. It is right that the responsibility should attend upon the discretion.

But all this is foreign to the question before me. I have nothing to do with the policy of the law, its supposed necessity, its wisdom, or its imperfections. I am to take the act of Congress as I find it, and to apply to it the facts as they may be judicially before me. If the evidence shall present the case of an imperfect justification—if it shall show that these relators or any of them, have transcended the rightful limits of their authority, and have wilfully or ignorantly violated the law, no considerations of policy or sympathy will press upon this Court to rescue them from punishment, by withholding them from the tribunal which demands their presence. But, on the contrary, if it shall appear before me that they honestly and rightfully sought to execute their writ—that they employed force only because it was needed, and no more than was needed—they must not be withdrawn from their daily recurring official duties, and sent away with the sanction of the Court, under whose mandate they have acted, and by whom their action has been approved, to take their trial in a distant part of the country. I have unreserved confidence in the ability, integrity, and patriotism of the Court from which this bench warrant has issued; but I may not deny to these relators a discharge from what I deem unlawful imprisonment, however content I might be to submit my own liberty or honour to the guardianship of my learned friend who presides there.

Nor can I wonder, as I look back on the past history of this complaint, that the relators prefer to vindicate themselves here. They were first arrested on a charge similar to this, under the warrant of a local magistrate of Luzerne Couty; and after a hearing before the Senior Judge of this Court, they were discharged, as having merely done their duty. Immediately after this, the then Grand Jury of Luzerne County found a true bill against them on the same charge, and they would have been arrested the second time but for a defect that avoided the indictment. They were next arrested for the same cause in an action of assault and battery, in which they were required to find bail in the sum of five thousand dollars each. While they were in custody under this arrest, they came before me by *habeas corpus*, and I heard the case of the plaintiff; but, on his own showing, I found nothing to sustain his suit against them. Some three months have gone by since, and they are before me, arrested anew; another Grand Jury of Luzerne County having found a second true bill against them, on a charge confessed by the same, and founded upon the same transaction. After all this, I think it quite possible to understand their reluctance to be tried by a jury of that county, without assuming that they are conscious of guilt.

I may be wrong or right in this; but they have claimed my judicial intervention, and that has ascertained for me my duty. I must, therefore, proceed to hear the case on its merits under the act of Congress, and to that end must receive the evidence which is proffered by the relators.

* It is possible, for the reason which is suggested by the argument in the text, that while the Act of Congress of 1833 provides for the transfer to the Federal Courts by *certiorari* of proceedings instituted in the State Courts against officers of the revenue, it makes no such provision for the case of officers of the law: the law of contempt being regarded as adequate to the punishment of abuses of legal process.

THE WILKESBARRE SLAVE CASE.

YESTERDAY morning, in the U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Kane presiding, the case of John Jenkins, George Wynkoop and James Crossen, U. S. Deputies Marshal, who have been for several weeks past in the custody of Sheriff Allen, on a bench warrant issued by Judge Conyngham, of Luzerne County, came up for decision, after evidence should be adduced.

J. W. Ashmead, for the relators, submitted the warrant issued by the U. S. Commissioner for the arrest of the late fugitive, Bill Thomas, and directed to U. S. Marshal, dated 21st of August, and endorsed by Judge Grier, with the directions that the fugitive be arrested anywhere within his bailiwick.

Marshal Wynkoop testified that the writ was put into his hands on the 3d of September, in Schuylkill County, where he then was; that he returned to Philadelphia, procured the endorsement of Judge Grier, went back to Schuylkill County, and put the writ into the hands of his deputies for service.

David Gorman testified, that he resides in Wilkesbarre; knew the relators well; saw them in Wilkesbarre endeavouring to arrest Bill Thomas; that the latter resisted violently.

Dudley M. Pattie testified that he resides in Marlborough, Polk County, Va.; that he went with the officers to Wilkesbarre, and recognised Thomas as the boy who belonged to Mr. Keith; he was the Attorney, in fact, of Keith; had witnesses there to prove the identity of Thomas.

Mr. Ashmead closed. He stated that the officers went to Wilkesbarre to do their duty, and were violently resisted by the party against whom they had process of arrest. The presumption of law was, that the officers did their duty, and nothing more. It was for the other side to prove excess of authority.

Mr. Jackson, for the other side, desired to put in evidence the indictment found by the Grand Jury of Luzerne County, and the Bench warrant issued by Judge Conyngham, upon which the relators were arrested.

Judge Kane said that he had no doubt as to his duty in this matter, from the aspect which the case now presented. The parties were indicted for three offences—riot, assault and battery with intent to kill, and simple assault and battery. It appears that on the 3d of September it was the duty of the relators to make the arrest of Bill Thomas. Each of the offences charged against the relators would be substantiated by the evidence submitted, but for the fact that they are United States officers, in the legal discharge of their duties. That part of the defence was not before the Grand Jury, nor is there any evidence that the officers exceeded their duty. This fact the Grand Jury could not inquire into. The relators must therefore be discharged.—*Philadelphia Register, 16th.*

THE NORTH AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

OUR calculation of the direct pecuniary value of the Union to the free States has been impeached on the score that we have omitted to take into the account the commercial advantages of the navigation of the Lower Mississippi. We notice the objection with the more alacrity because it is the only one that has fallen under our observation in the comments of the press, really pertinent to the question.

The objection charged is based upon the assumption that the navigation of that portion of the Mississippi south of 36 deg. 30 min. would be lost to the North, upon the exodus from the Union of the slave States. This is fairly in point, and we hold ourselves under obligations to consider the suggestion. We might reply by insisting upon the rule of international law which secures to the nation possessing the head waters of a stream the right of freely using those waters throughout their course to the ocean. The principle was vindicated by Mr. Jefferson in regard to this very river while Spain was the owner of both banks near the mouth, and of the western bank throughout its whole extent. It was insisted upon by his successor in the State Department, Mr. Clay, in the discussion with the British Government in 1826 in regard to the navigation of the St. Lawrence; though here, also, we were the owners of but one bank. Let is be conceded, however, to put the worst face upon the matter, that Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, States which belong to the South, would abjure the doctrine to which they are as much committed as we are—rather more if they have any special regard for Southern statesmen, or that they would embarrass the exercise of the right by annoying restrictions. The people of New Orleans who are anxious to attract trade, not to repel it, who are already not a little vexed because the people of the upper western States do not use the Mississippi so much as they would be glad to have them, might object and insist that a denial would be very like shutting the shop-door in the face of one's customers. But concede that such trading notions should be overruled as unworthy of a rampant chivalry. It remains then to inquire what the navigation of the Lower Mississippi is worth to the people North of the confluence of the Ohio, and what they would lose by privation of it.

It so happens that the people to be affected have been for some years making those practical experiments upon which the solution of the problem depends, and we here in the State of New York have been looking on with the most watchful interest; being stimulated thereto by no considerations relating to Slavery or the Union, but simply by the fact that we have constructed and opened a rival channel to the Mississippi, and have been competing successfully for its trade. To bring grist to our mill we are under the necessity of bringing it away from that river. The Canal Board annually plot and cipher upon the question, and the maps, diagrams and figures necessary for its determination have been scattered broadcast in thousands of printed copies. Look at the Report of Mr. McAlpine, State Engineer, made in February last, or in that of the previous year. To both of them maps will be found appended, on which the territory is distinctly marked out within which the Mississippi River has been superseded by the Canals of this State and their western tributaries—has become a thing of as little commercial concern to the people as the Hoangho, of vastly less anxiety than is manifested in the South in regard to the Amazon. There is a dividing line which separates the trade that goes North and East to the Great Lakes, and thence to the Hudson, from that which goes South and West to the Ohio and Mississippi. That line is delineated on the map of the present year in yellow paint and marked "the present line of the drainage of the trade of the Erie Canal." Every reduction in the tolls and charges for transportation—every improvement in the Canals of New York, Ohio and Indiana, enlarges the area of its basin. We need not describe its boundary, for it is merely a temporary one. It is a matter of simple calculation to ascertain how far West and South it will be removed upon any given reduction in freighting charges, and as much so to ascertain what reduction may be effected by a given improvement. These calculations the Engineer Department has made from data furnished by the experience of all the different routes of transportation in the Union, rivers, canals, railways, earth and plank roads. This being done, another line is laid down on the map, painted—we trust with no bloody intentions—in red, and marked "the Southern line of the drainage of the trade of the Erie Canal *when enlarged.*"

This line runs *south of the Ohio River* for its whole length, includes in one basin a considerable part of Kentucky and some of Virginia, crosses the Mississippi at the mouth of the Ohio and includes the larger part of Missouri—that part of Missouri which is left dependent on the navigation of the Mississippi being more than counterbalanced by those portions of western Virginia and northern Kentucky, to whose inhabitants the Mississippi will become as obsolete a piece of machinery for transportation as the sickle is for cutting wheat.

The people of the State of New York have demonstrated their faith in this estimate of the future value of the Mississippi by an expenditure of some fifteen millions in the enlargement of their Canals. They have this very spring agreed, almost unanimously, to stake ten millions more upon the verifications of their expectations. The chivalry understand the philosophy of betting, and we trust will see that this State, intending no disrespect for the Mississippi, holds it of little value to the people above the Ohio except as a means of travelling *northwardly* toward the lakes.

Our conclusion might be strengthened by examining the value of the Pennsylvania Canals, the Chesapeake and Ohio, &c., and we might say much in regard to the advantages of New Orleans, where pork melts and corn sours, and which is 1,500 miles further from Europe than New York, when compared with the Atlantic sea ports. But enough has been said to show that the commercial value of the navigation of the Lower Mississippi is not such as to require any appreciable change in our calculation as to the pecuniary value of the Union.—*Tribune.*

THE *Southern Argus* (Norfolk, Va.) is not satisfied with the immeasurable servility and dishonesty of popular Northern publishers in adapting the books they reprint to Southern tastes by expurgating them of all sentiments favourable to Universal Freedom and the Right of every Man to enjoy and dispose of the fruits of his own labour. The Methodist Church South, it appears, is about to establish a Book Concern to publish works adapted to the tastes of slaveholders, and the *Argus* urges that this be made the initial movement towards a general transfer to the South of book-publishing for Southern readers. Here is its line of argument:

"The class of writings from which the South *has most to apprehend are school books and works of religious instruction.* The poison of Abolition is dangerous only when administered insidiously and to feeble intellects.

"The relations between the North and the South are very analogous to those which subsisted between Greece and the Roman Empire after the subjugation of Achaia by the Consul Mummius. The dignity and energy of the Roman character, conspicuous in war and in politics, were not easily tamed and adjusted to the arts of industry and literature. The degenerate and pliant Greeks, on the contrary, excelled in the handicraft and polite professions. We learn from the vigorous invective of Juvenal, that they were *the most useful and capable of servants, whether as pimps or professors of rhetoric.* Obsequious, dexterous and ready, the versatile Greeks monopolized the business of teaching, publishing and manufacturing in the Roman Empire—allowing their masters ample leisure for the service of the State, in the Senate or in the field. **The people of the Northern States of this confederacy exhibit the same aptitude for the arts of industry. They excel as clerks, mechanics and tradesmen, and they have monopolized the business of teaching, publishing and peddling.

"The school-books which northern teachers compile are frequently filled with Abolition sentiments, and they exert a potent influence on the weak and impressible mind of youth. A few Southern teachers, having at heart the interests of the South, have proposed a Convention of the members of their profession in Virginia, with a view to the selection and publication of books proper for Southern schools. The enterprise is laudable, and we do not see why energetic Southern men may not carry it out.

"Some of the religious Societies whose houses of publication are located in Northern cities, have been converted into instruments of Anti Slavery propagandism. In tracts of a purely religious character, Abolition sentiments are interloped, and diffused through the South. This characteristic achievement of Yankee cunning has suggested to the General Conference of the Methodist Church, South, the necessity of the establishment of a Book Concern, which, being under the control of Southern men, will be made an instrument for the diffusion of a sound Southern sentiment. The administrative talent of Smith, Early and Ralston, affords a sufficient guarantee that the scheme, if undertaken, will be successfully carried out. One instance of triumphant experiment would induce imitation, and ultimately all the religious communities of the South would become the efficient champions of Southern interests."

—We apprehend that the champions of eternal and aggressive Slavery will not adopt the suggestions of the *Argus*. It is not the Abolition sentiments embodied in the books read by their "feeble intellects,' but *the habit of reading at all*, that needs repression. If the teachers are shot like Prof. Butler, or imprisoned as Mrs. Douglass was in that very Norfolk, they can do little harm: but if allowed to pursue their calling in the States south of the Potomac, they are sure to work harm to Slavery, no matter how thoroughly their text-books may be weeded. Even "the Methodist Church, South," will not be able to prune its Bible of all such awkward precepts as "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free"—"Remember those in bonds as bound with them"—"Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them"—"Love thy neighbour as thyself," &c., &c.; and what can be the use of accommodating other volumes to the exigencies of slavebreeding where the Book of books is still permitted to talk in this incendiary fashion? No: the only radical, efficient cure for the evil is be found in abolishing books and teachers altogether. —*Tribune.*

THE POLICY OF THE NEBRASKA LEADERS.

THE following pleasant and suggestive article is from the *Southern Standard*, an Administration paper published at Charleston, South Carolina. It is a frank, bold statement of the policy of the Administration upon the Slavery question, which our readers will do well to look at by way of refreshing themselves. It will amply repay perusal:

"A general rupture in Europe would force upon us the undisputed sway of the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, with all their rich and mighty productions. Guided by our genius and enterprise, a new world would rise there, as it did before under the genius of Columbus. With Cuba and St. Domingo, we could control the productions of the tropics, and with them, the commerce of the world, and *with that*, the power of the world. Our true policy is to look to Brazil as the next great slave power, and as the Government that is to direct or license the development of the country drained by the Amazon. Instead of courting England, we should look to Brazil and the West Indies. The time will come when a treaty of commerce and alliance with Brazil will give us the control over the Gulf of Mexico and its border countries, together with the islands, and the consequence of this will place African Slavery beyond the reach of fanaticism, at home or abroad. These two great slave powers now hold more undeveloped territory than any other two Governments, and they ought to guard and strengthen their mutual interests by acting together in strict harmony and concert. Considering our vast resources and the mighty commerce that is about to expand upon the bosom of the two countries, if we act together by treaty *we cannot only preserve domestic servitude*, but we can defy the power of the world. With firmness and judgment, we can open up the African slave emigration again to people the noble region of the tropics. We can boldly defend this upon the most enlarged system of philanthropy. It is far better for the wild race of Africans themselves. Look at the 3,000,000 in the United States who have had the blessings not only of civilization, but of Christianity. Can any man pretend to say that they would have been better off in the barbarian state of their native wilderness; and has not the attempt to suppress, by force, this emigration increased the horrors of the 'middle passage' ten-fold? The good old Las Casas, in 1519, was the first to advise Spain to import Africans to her colonies, as a substitute for the Indians, who, from their peculiar nature, were totally unsuited to bear the labours of Slavery. Experience has shown that his scheme was founded in wise and Christian philanthropy. Millions of the black men, yet unborn, will rise up to bless his benevolent memory. The time is coming when we will boldly defend this emigration before the world. The hypercritical cant and whining morality of the latter-lay saints will die away before the majesty of commerce, and the power of those vast productions which are to spring from the cultivation and full development of the mighty tropical regions in our own hemisphere. If it be mercy to give the grain-growing sections of America to the poor and hungry of Europe, why not open up the tropics to the poor African? The one region is as eminently suited to them as the other is to the white race. There is as much philanthropy in one as the other. We have been too long governed by psalm singing schoolmasters from the North. It is time to think for ourselves. The folly commenced in our own Government uniting with Great Britain to declare slave-importing piracy. Piracy is a crime on the high seas, arising under the law of nations, and it is as well defined by those laws as murder is at common law. And for two nations to attempt to make that piracy which is not so, under the law of nations, is an absurdity. You might as well declare it burglary, or arsony, or anything else. And we have ever since, by a joint fleet with Great Britain on the coast of Africa, been struggling to enforce this miserable blunder. The time will come that all the islands and regions suited to African Slavery, between us and Brazil, will fall under the control of those two slave powers, in some shape or other, either by treaty or actual possession of the one Government or the other. And the statesman who closes his eyes to these results, has but a very small view of the great questions and interests that are looming up in the future. In a few years, there will be no investment for the two hundred millions, in the annual increase of gold on a large scale, so profitable and so necessary as the development and cultivation of the tropical regions now slumbering in rank and wild luxuriance. If the slaveholding race in these States are but true to themselves, they have a great destiny before them."

The propositions being set forth are, in brief:

1. To take Cuba.
2. To conquer St. Domingo and reduce its inhabitants to Slavery.
3. To unite with Brazil and perform the same conquering and enslaving process on all the other West Indian Islands.
4. To enter into an alliance with Brazil for the establishment and fortification of Slavery throughout South and North America.
5. For this object to develop the Amazon country and take possession of the Gulf of Mexico and all the adjacent tropical regions.
6. To re-open the African slave trade.
7. To boldly defend this scheme upon the "most enlarged system of philanthropy."

Such is the programme of the future proceedings under the new Nebraska dispensation. We trust the reader has carefully perused it, as stated by our Southern contemporary in the above extract. It is seldom he will find more of what is called "letting the cat out of the bag" in the same compass. Let him not turn away doubting or distrusting the correctness of this representation in regard to the designs of the Nebraska dynasty. He may depend upon it, that what is here shadowed forth is no dream, and no vagary. It is a faithful picture of what is the fixed and determined policy of the Nebraska leaders. The conception of this future, we happen to know, is distinct and vivid among the champions of the new dispensation, and they are firmly bent upon its regular and systematic accomplishment. The Nebraska bill is but the first, and as it has been heretofore regarded, easy step in this comprehensive plan of Africanizing the whole of the American hemisphere, and establishing Slavery upon what its advocates regard as an impregnable basis. —*Tribune.*

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR: Will you allow me space in your columns to ask a little information of the managers of that most useful and time-honoured corporation, the American Bible Society? In the report of the proceedings at their late anniversary I find the following words:

"The Rev. G. D Cummins, of Richmond, Va., read the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the vast extent and attractive features of our newly acquired region at the West, with a population gathered from many countries, and of diverse tongues, might well awaken apprehensions as to our general welfare, were it not for the hope and prospect that the inspired Scriptures, the great source of light and purity, are there to be widely diffused among the accumulating masses."

The subject matter of the above resolution, it will be observed covers precisely the same ground and even more than the bill now pending in Congress, to organize a Territorial Government for a portion of our newly-acquired territory at the West," and which is now agitating the Union with a dangerous excitement. In the reverend gentleman's brief remarks on the same I read the following passage. The italicising is my own:

"The mysterious destiny of this mighty Anglo Saxon race was almost overwhelming to contemplate. *It was fated to cast out the Castilian, to exterminate the Indian, and he believed that God had linked the African to the car of the Anglo-Saxon to bear him on to the triumph of his destiny.*" [*applause.*]

Now, the speaker who has thus so openly made a profession of the faith that is in him as to the natural and proper use of the African race, namely, to act in the capacity of draft horses to drag the triumphal car of the Anglo-Saxon, is probably before this far away in his southern home, where incendiary newspapers are not allowed to come and will not in all probability ever read this article. I am rather sorry for this, because I should like to ask his opinion as to the best kind of harness to be used for the dark-coloured horses above spoken of. If it is of leather, the tanners and curriers would be glad to hear from him as to the amount of their productions likely to be wanted, and the harness-makers too are interested.

If, on the other hand, the yokes or collars are to be made of iron, like that which I saw about a year ago in New Orleans, of the weight of some 15 pounds, *riveted* on the neck of a fine-looking young negro at *the blacksmith's anvil*, and which he had worn for several years in the public streets, for the abominable crime of loving liberty—why, in that case, the dealers and workers in iron have a decided interest in the matter.

But if we cannot get light on the above points, perhaps those benevolent Christian philanthropists of this City who got up the programme of the anniversary will give us some information in regard to the following questions, which are asked with the utmost respect and good will to the institution of which they have the management.

1st. How far is it to be understood that the Bible Society indorses and holds itself liable for the sentiments expressed (*and received with applause*) on its anniversary exercises?

2d. Was the above resolution got up and introduced for a political purpose?

3d. Was the speaker selected as one likely to advocate the resolution *con amore*, if meant for such a purpose? Your ob't serv't, DICOPHILUS.

THE organ of the Administration at Washington published yesterday a long leading article whose drift is simply in favour of making war on Spain to prevent the emancipation of the slaves of Cuba. Not only is Slavery to be extended over all the new unorganized territories belonging to the United States, but this model democratic republic is actually to be plunged into war to prevent the extension of liberty in foreign countries! The same purpose is also clearly indicated in the following extract from another article of *The Union*, urging the passage of the Nebraska bill:

"If the principles of this bill ended with Nebraska and Kansas—if they did not mean to apply to all future acquisitions—if they did not rally men of all sections of the Union, *and prepare northern sentiment for those great events with which the future teems*—we might more fully understand the hesitancy and doubt of some of our southern friends, if such doubt and hesitancy really exist. *When Cuba

have made and will make again to the initiatory step of this long programme of wickedness and dishonour! For, if the Nebraska bill be not defeated, where shall the insanity of this slave-driving Administration be arrested!—*Tribune.*

THE VOICE OF CONNECTICUT.

We give below the Resolutions on the Nebraska bill which passed the Senate of Connecticut on Tuesday, 16th inst., by a vote of 16 to 1, and the House on Wednesday, 17th inst., by a vote of 148 to 51. They were presented in the Senate on Tuesday by the Hon. James Dixon, from the Committee on Federal Relations, and are manly, outspoken and comprehensive, as becomes the revolutionized and emancipated State of which they are the utterance. They are as follows:

Whereas, A bill is now pending in the Congress of the United States for the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, by which the eighth section of the Act preparatory to the admission of Missouri, approved March 6, 1820, is declared inoperative and void:

Resolved, by this General Assembly, That the form of the prohibition of Slavery, in the Act of 1820, as well as its incorporation in an act designed to be irrepealable, pledged the public faith, to the whole extent of the power of Congress so to do, against any repeal of the prohibition so enacted, and that the people of Connecticut have, therefore, relied upon the perpetuity of that enactment, with full confidence in the integrity and honour both of the National Government and of those States which sustain the institution of Slavery within their own jurisdiction.

Resolved, That, in the name and in behalf of the people of this State, we protest against the proposed repeal of the prohibition of Slavery in the Act preparatory to the admission of Missouri, as a violation of the national faith, as destructive of mutual confidence between the States of this Union, as exposing the Union itself to imminent peril, and as inconsistent with the fundamental principles of natural justice.

Resolved, That we declare our fixed purpose never to consent to the legal or actual admission of Slavery into the Territory from which it was excluded by the Act of 1820, or to the admission of slaveholding States from any portion of the same.

Resolved, That the attempt to extend Slavery over a vast region, from which it has been by law excluded with the consent of the slaveholding States, ought to awaken the people of Connecticut to the aggressive character of Slavery as a political power, and to unite them in determined hostility to its extension, and to its existence whenever it comes constitutionally within the reach of Federal legislation.

Resolved, That this General Assembly hereby declares itself ready to co-operate with other States, in any legal and constitutional measures which the existing crisis of its consequences shall demand for the preservation of our rights, and in defence of liberty.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and that our Representatives be earnestly requested to oppose, by all lawful means, and to the last extremity, the bill under consideration, with the clause abrogating the prohibition of Slavery, known as the Missouri Compromise.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Senators and Representatives of this State, in the Congress of the United States, to be by them laid before that body, and to the Executives of the several States of this Union.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston, in the Melodeon, on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday, May 30th and 31st, and June 1st, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

No trumpet-call, especially in a crisis like the present, is deemed necessary in order to bring together, on this occasion, those who are sincere, earnest and uncompromising in their hostility to Slavery, and also such as are honestly inquiring for the first time, what are their responsibilities and duties in regard to that hideous system. Knowing that the platform of the Convention is free for all, whatever may be their peculiar views on the subject, and rejoicing that another favourable opportunity will be afforded to arouse the Northern mind, and to give a staggering blow to that Demoniac Power which rules the land, they will rally after the manner of '76, but with no sectional or personal feeling, and with a desire to save all, to de-troy none.

"Up, then, for freedom!—not in strife,
Like that our sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God."

FRANCIS JACKSON, Pres.
Robert F. Wallcut, Sec.

SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER,

BEFORE THE

NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its First Anniversary, held at the Broadway Tabernacle, May 12, 1854.

REPORTED FOR THE STANDARD, BY WM. HENRY BURR.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I shall ask your attention, this evening, to some few thoughts on the present condition of the United States in respect to Slavery. After all that has been said by wise, powerful and eloquent men, in this city, this week, perhaps I shall have scarce anything to present that is new.

As you look on the general aspect of America to-day, its main features are not less than sublime, while they are likwise beautiful exceedingly. The full breadth of the continent is ours, from sea to sea, from the great lakes to the great gulf. There are three million square miles, with every variety of climate, and soil, and mineral; great rivers, a static force, inclined planes for travel reaching from New Orleans to the Falls of St. Anthony, from the mouth of the St Lawrence to Chicago; smaller rivers, a dynamic force, turning the many thousand mills of the industrious North. There is a coast most richly indented, to aid the spread of civilization. The United States has more than twelve thousand miles of shore line on the continent; more than nine thousand on its islands; more than twenty-four thousand miles of river navigation. Here is the Material Groundwork for a great State—not an empire, but a Commonwealth. The world has not such another.

There are twenty-four millions of men; fifteen and a half millions with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins—strong, real Anglo-Saxon blood; eight millions and a half more of other families and races, just enough to temper the Anglo-Saxon blood, to furnish a new composite tribe, far better, I trust, than the old. What a Human Basis for a State to be erected on this material groundwork!

On the Eastern Slopes of the continent, where the high lands which reach from the Katahdin mountains in Maine to the end of the Apalachians in Georgia—on the Atlantic slopes, where the land pitches down to the sea from the 48th to the 28th parallel, there are fifteen States, a million square miles, communicating with the ocean. In the South, rivers bear to the sea rice, cotton, tobacco, and the products of half tropic agriculture; in the North, smaller streams toil all day, and sometimes all night, working wood, iron, cotton and wool into forms of use and beauty, while iron roads carry to the sea the productions of temperate agriculture, mining and manufactures.

On the Western Slope, where the rivers flow down to the Pacific Ocean from the 49th to the 32d parallel, is a great country, almost eight hundred thousand square miles in extent. There, too, the Anglo-Saxon has gone; in the south, the gold-hunter gathers the precious metals, while the farmer, the miner and the woodman gather far more precious products in the north.

In the Great Basin between the Cordilleras of the West and the Alleghanies, where the Mississippi drains half the continent to the Mediterranean of the New World, there also the Anglo-Saxon has occupied the ground—twelve hundred thousand square miles; in the south to rear cotton, rice and sugar; in the north to raise cattle and cereal grasses, for beast and for man.

What a spectacle it is! A nation not eighty years old, and still in its cradle, and yet grown so great. Two hundred and fifty years ago, there was not an Anglo-Saxon on all this continent. Now there is an Anglo-Saxon commonwealth twenty-four millions strong. Rich as it is in numbers, there are not yet eight men to the square mile.

All this is a Republic; it is a democracy. There is no born priest to stand betwixt the nation and its God; no Pope to entail his nephews in the Church; no bishop claiming divine right to rule over the people and stand betwixt them and the Infinite. There is no king, no born king, to ride on the nation's neck. There are noble-men, but none Noble-born to usurp the land, to monopolize the government and keep the community from the bosom of the earth. The people is Priest and makes its own religion out of God's revelation in man's nature and history. The people is its own King to rule itself; its own Noble to occupy the earth. The people make the laws and choose their own magistrates. Industry is free; travel is free; religion is free; speech is free; there are no shackles on the press. The nation rests on industry, not on war. It is formed of agriculturists, traders, sailors, miners—not a nation of soldiers. The army numbers ten thousand—one soldier for every twenty-four thousand men. The people are at peace; no nation invades us. The government is firmly fixed and popular. A nation loving liberty, loves likewise law; and when it gets a point of liberty, it fences it all round with law as high up as the hands reach. We annually welcome four hundred thousand immigrants who flee from the despotism of the Old World.

The country is rich—after England, the richest on earth in cultivated lands, roads, houses, mills. Four million tuns of shipping sail under the American flag. This year we shall build half a million tuns more, which, at forty dollars a tun, is worth twenty millions of dollars. That is the ship crop. Then, the corn crop is seven hundred millions of bushels—Indian corn. What a harvest of coal, copper, iron, lead, of wheat, cotton, sugar, rice, is produced!

Over all and above all these there rises the great American Political Idea, a "self-evident truth"—which cannot be proved—it needs no proof; it is anterior to demonstration; namely, that every man is endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, and in these rights all men are equal; and on these the government is to rest, deriving its sole sanction from the governed's consent.

Higher yet above this material groundwork, this human foundation, this accumulation of numbers, of riches, of industry—as the cross on the top of a tall, wide dome, whose lantern is the great American political idea—as the cross that surmounts it rises the American Religious Idea—one God; Christianity the true religion; and the worship of God by Love; inwardly it is Piety, love to God; outwardly love to man—morality, benevolence, philanthropy.

What a spectacle to the eyes of the Scandinavian, the German, the Dutchman, the Irishman, as they view America from afar! What a contrast it seems to Europe. There liberty is ideal; it is a dream; here it is organic, an institution; one of the Establishments of the land.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the aspect which America presents to the oppressed victims of European despotism in Church and in State. Far off on the other side of the Atlantic, among the Appenines, on the plains of Germany, and in the Slavonian lands, I have met men to whom America seemed as this fair-proportioned edifice that I have thus sketched out before your eyes. But when they come nearer, behold half the land is black with Slavery. In 1850, out of more than two hundred and forty hundred thousand Americans (24,000,000), thirty-two hundred thousand (3,200,000) were slaves—more than an eighth of the population counted as cattle, not as citizens at all. They are only human material, not yet wrought into citizens—nay, not counted *human*. They are cattle, property; not counted men, but animals and no more. Manhood must not be extended to them. Listen while I read to you from a Southern print. It was recommended by the Governor of Alabama that the Legislature should pass a law prohibiting the separation of families; whereupon the *Richmond Enquirer* discourses thus:

"This recommendation strikes us as being most unwise and impolitic. If slaves are property, *then should they be at the absolute disposal of the master*, or be subject only to such legal provisions as are designed for the protection of life and limb. If the relation of master and slave be infringed for one purpose, it would be difficult to fix any limit to the encroachment."

They are property, no more, and must be treated as such, and not as men.

Slavery is on the Atlantic slopes of the continent. There are one million six hundred thousand (1,600,000) slaves between the Alleghany range and the Atlantic coast. Slavery is in the central basin. There are a million and a half of slaves on the land drained by the Mississippi. Spite of law and constitution, Slavery has gone to the Pacific slopes, travelling with the gold-hunter into California. The State whose capital county "in three years committed over twelve hundred murders" has very appropriately legalized Slavery for a limited time. I suppose it is only preliminary to legalizing it for a time limited only by the Eternal God. In the very capital of the Christian Democracy there are four thousand purchased men. In the Senate-house, a few years ago, a Mississippi Senator belched out his imprecations against *that one New Hampshire Senator* who has never yet been found false to humanity (applause). Mr. Foote was a freeman, a citizen and a "democrat"; and while, in the halls of Congress, he was threatening to hang John P. Hale on the tallest pine tree in Mississippi, there toiled in a stable, whose loft he slept in by night, one of that Senator's own brothers. The son of Mr. Foote's father was a slave in the capital of the United States, while his half-brother—by the father's side—threatened to hang on the tallest pine in Mississippi the only Senator that New Hampshire sent to Washington who dared be true to truth and free for freedom (great applause).

But a few years ago, Mr. Hope H. Slatter had his negro market in the capital of the United States; one of the greatest slave dealers in America. He was a member also, it is said, of a "Christian church." The slave-pen is a singular institution for a democratic metropolis, and the slave-trader a peculiar ornament for the Christian Church in the capital of a democracy. He grew rich, went to Baltimore, had a fine house, and once entertained a "President of the United States" in his mansion. The slave-trader and the democratic President met together—Slatter and Polk! fit guest and fitting host!

In all the three million square miles of American land there is no inch of free soil, from the St. Johns to the Rio Gila, from Madawasca to San Diego. The star-spangled banner floats from Van Couver's island by Nootka Sound to Key West on the south of Florida, and all the way the flag of our Union is the standard of Slavery. In all the soil that our fathers fought to make free from English tyranny, there is not an inch where the black man is free, save the five thousand miles that Daniel Webster surrendered to Lord Ashburton by the treaty of 1842 (great applause and laughter). The symbol of the Union is a fetter. The President should be sworn on the auction-block of a slave-trader. The New Hampshire President, in his inaugural, declared, publicly, his allegiance to the slave power—not to the power of northern mechanics, free farmers, free manufacturers, free men; but allegiance to the slave power; he swears special protection to no property but "property" in slaves; specific allegiance to no law but the Fugitive Slave bill; devotion to no right but the slaveholder's "right" to his property in man.

The Supreme Court of the United States is a slave court; a majority of the Senate and of the House of Representatives the same. It has been so this forty years. The majority of the House of Representatives are obedient to the lords of the lash; a majority of Northern politicians, especially of that denomination which is called "dough-faces," are only overseers for the owner of the slave. Mr. Douglas is a great overseer; Mr. Everett is a little overseer, very little (great laughter).

The nation offers a homestead out of its public land; it is only to the *white* man. What would you say if the Emperor of Russia offered land only to *nobles*; the Pope only to *priests*; Queen Victoria only to *lords*? Each male settler in Utah, it seems, is to have four hundred and eighty acres of land if he is not married, and a hundred and sixty more, I believe, according to one proposition, for every wife that he has got (laughter). But if he has the complexion of the only children that Madison left behind him, he can have no land at all (applause and a few hisses).

Even a Boston school house is shut against the black man's children. The arm of the city government slams the door in every coloured boy's face. His father helps pay for the public school; the son and daughter must not come in.

In the slave States, it is a crime to teach the slave to read and write. Out of four millions of children of America at school in 1850, there were twenty six thousand that were coloured. There were more than four hundred thousand free coloured persons, and there were more than two hundred and fourteen thousand thereof under the age of twenty; of these, there were at school only twenty-six thousand—*one child in nine!* Out of three and a quarter millions of slaves, there *was not one at school*. It is *a crime by the statute in every slave State to teach a slave to spell "God."* He may be a Caristian; he must not write "Christ." He must worship the Bible; he must not read it! It is a crime even in a *Sunday school* to teach a child the great letters which spell out "Holy Bible." I knew a minister, he was a Connecticut man, too, who went off from New Orleans because he did not dare to stay; and he did not dare to stay because he tried to teach the slave to read in his Sunday school. He went back to Connecticut, whence he will, perhaps, go as missionary to China or Turkey, and find none to hinder his Christian work.

At the North, the black man is shut out of the meeting house. In Heaven, according to the theology of America, he may sit down with the just made perfect, his sins washed white "in the blood of the Lamb"; but when he comes to a certain Baptist church in Boston, he cannot own a pew. And there are few churches where he can sit in a pew. The rich and the poor are there; the one Lord is the maker of them all; but the Church thinks He did not make the black as well as the white. Nay; he is turned out of the omnibus, out of the burial ground. There is a burial ground in this State, and in the deed that confers the land it is stipulated that no coloured person or convict can ever be buried there. He is turned out of the graveyard, where the great mother of our bodies gathers our dust when the sods of the valley are sweet to the soul (applause). Nowhere but in the jail and on the gallows has the black man equal rights with the white in our American legislation!

The American Press—it is generally the foe of the slave, the advocate of bondage.

In Virginia, it is felony to deny the master's right to own his slave. There is an old law, re-enacted in the revision of the Virginia statute, which inflicts a punishment of not more than one year's confinement on any one guilty of that offence. It was proposed in the Virginia Legislature, last winter, that if a man had conscientious objections to holding slaves, he should not be allowed to sit on any jury where the matter of a man's freedom was in question. Nor is that all. There is a law in Virginia, it is said, that when a man has three-quarters white blood in his veins, he may recover his freedom in virtue of that fact. It is well known that at least half the slaves in Virginia are half white and one-quarter of them three quarters white. Accordingly, it was proposed in one of their newspapers that that old law should be repealed, and another substituted providing that no man should recover his freedom in consequence of his complexion, unless he had more than nine-tenths white blood in his veins.

The slave has no rights; the ideas of the Declaration of Independence are repudiated; he is not "endowed by his Creator" with "certain inalienable rights" to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Accomplished Mr. Agassiz comes all the way from Switzerland to teach us the science which God has stored up in the ground under our feet—the perennial Old Testament—or in the frames of our bodies, this living New Testament of Almighty God in man; and he tells us this: "*The Mandingo and the Guinea negro* together "*do not differ more from the Orang Outang than the Malay or white man differs from the negro.*" So, according to Mr Agassiz, the negro is a sort of *arithmetic mean proportional* between a man and a monkey. The upright form, the power of speech, the religious faculty, permanence of affection, self-denial, power to master the earth, and smelt iron ore, as the African has done, and is doing still, every year, do not distinguish the black man from the *Orang Outang*.

"O, star-eyed science! hast *thou* wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair."

Mr. Agassiz is an able man, of large genius, industry that never surrenders, and was a bold champion of freedom on his own Swiss hills. He comes to America; he is subdued to the temper of our atmosphere, and, from a great man of science, he becomes the *Swiss of Slavery*. Southern journals rejoice at the confirmation of their opinion. Listen to what a Southern editor says. I am quoting now from one of the most powerful Southern journals, printed at the capital of Virginia, the *Richmond Examiner*, and the words which I read were written by the American *Chargé d'Affairs* at Turin. He says: "The foundation and right of negro-Slavery is in its utility and the fitness of things; *it is the same right by which we hold property in domestic animals.*" The negro is "*the connecting link between the human and brute creation.*" "The negro is not the white man. Not with more safety do we assert *that a horse is not a hog*. Hay is good for horses—but not for hogs; liberty is good for *white men*, but not for *negroes*." "*A law rendering perpetual the relation between a negro and his master is no wrong, but a right.*"

Then, in reply to some writer in the *Tribune*, who had asked, "Have they no souls," he says, "They may have souls, for aught he knew to the contrary; so *may horses and hogs*" (laughter). Then, when somebody quotes the Bible in behalf of the rights of men, he answers: "The Bible has been vouchsafed to mankind for the purpose of keeping us out of hell-fire and getting us into heaven *by the mysteries of faith and the inner life*; not to teach us *a government political economy*," &c.

The American Church repudiates the Christian religion when it comes to speak about the African. It does not apply the golden rule to the slave. The "*servants*" of the New Testament, in the slave language, were "slaves," and the American Church commands them to be obedient to their masters. There must be no *marriage*—the affectional and passional union of one man and one woman for life—only transient concubinage. Marriage is inconsistent with Slavery, and the slave wedlock in the American Church is not a Sacrament. "Manifest destiny" is the cry of politicians and that demands Slavery: "The will of God" is the cry of the priests, and it demands the same thing. I am not speaking of *ministers of Christianity*; they are very different sort of men and preach a very different creed from that—only of the Ministers in the Churches of Commerce. According to the popular theology of all Christendom, Jesus Christ came on earth to seek and to save that which is lost. The Good Physician does not go among the whole, but among the sick. If he were to come here to seek to relieve the slave, the leading men in the American denominations would tell him he came before he was called; he ran before he was sent—that it was no mission from God to break a single American fetter, nor to let the oppressed go free. Is not the "Constitution" above "Conscience," and the Fugitive Slave bill more holy than the Bible; the commissioner of more authority than Christ?

"Oh, Faith of Christians, hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair,
Then bind the palm *thy sages bruise to suit*
Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit."

Such is the aspect of America when the immigrant comes near and looks the nation in the face. What a spectacle that is to put along side of the other! Europe repudiates bondage—Scandanavia, Holland, France, England. Since Britain emancipated her slaves, the present Emperor of Russia has set free over *seven million of slaves* that belonged to his own private domain (applause), and established more than *four thousand schools*, free for those seven millions of emancipated slaves; and did he not fear an out break in a country where "revolution is endemic," he would set free the other five and thirty millions that occupy his soil to-day. And when he extends his territory, he never extends the area of bondage, only the area of what in Russia is freedom.

What a spectacle! A country reaching from sea to sea, from the Gulf of tropic heat to Lake Superior's arctic cold, and not an inch of free soil all the way! Three millions of square miles, and not a foot where a fugitive from Slavery can be safe! A democracy, and every eighth man bought and sold!

It is the richest nation in the world, after England; yet, we are so poor that every eighth man is unable to say that he owns the smallest finger on his feeblest hand. So poor are we amid our riches, that every eighth woman is to such an extent a pauper that she does not own the baby she has borne into the world, nor even the baby that she bears under her bosom! Maternity is put up at public vendue, and the auctioneer says, "So much for the mother and so much for the hopes and expectations of another life that is to be born!"

America calls herself "the best educated nation in the world," and yet, in fifteen Democratic States, it is a felony by statute to teach a child to know the three letters that spell "God." What a spectacle is that!

Nor is that all; but able men, well-educated and well-endowed, come forward to teach us that Slavery is not only no evil, but is right as a principle, and is divine—is a part of the divine revelation which the great God miraculously made to man. What a spectacle!

Four hundred thousand immigrants come here openly every year, and a thousand fugitives flee off by night, escaping from American despotism. They go by the Underground Railroad, shut up in boxes smaller than a coffin, or, as lately happened, riding through the storms of Ocean in the fore-chains of a packet ship, wet by every dash of the sea, and frozen by the winter's wind. Far off in the South the spirit of freedom came in the Northern blast to the poor man, and said to him, "It is better to enter into freedom halt and maimed rather than, having two hands and two feet, to continue in bondage forever;" and he puts himself in the fore-chains of a packet ship, and, half frozen, with the loss of two of his limbs, he gets to the North, and thanks God that he has got one hand and one foot to enter into freedom with (applause). Alas, he is carried back, halt and maimed, to die; then he goes from bondage to that other Commonwealth, where even the American slave is free from his master, and Democrats "cease from troubling."

America translates the Bible—I am glad of it, and would give my mite thereto—into a hundred and forty-seven different tongues, and sends missionaries all over the world; and here at home are three and a quarter millions of American men who have no Bible, whose only missionary is the overseer.

In the Hall of Independence, Judge Kane and Judge Grier hold their court. Two great official kidnappers of the middle States hold their slave-court in the very building where the Declaration of Independence was decreed, was signed and thence published to the world. What a spectacle it is! We thought, a little while ago, that Judge Jeffries was a historical fiction; that Scroggs was impossible. We did not think such a thing could exist. Jeffries is repeated in Philadelphia; Scroggs is brought back to life in various Northern towns. What a spectacle is that for the Swiss, the German and the Scandinavian who come here!

Do these immigrants love American Slavery? The German, the Swiss, the Scandinavian hate it. I am sorry to say there is one class of men that come here who love it; it is the class most of all sinned against at home. When the Irishman comes to America, he takes ground against the African. I know there are exceptions, and I would go far to honour them; but the Irish, as a body, oppose the emancipation of the blacks as a body. Every sect that comes from abroad numbers friends of freedom—except the Catholic. Those who call themselves infidels from Germany do not range on the slaveholder's side. I have known some men who take the ghastly and dreadful name of Atheists; but they said "there is a law higher than the slaveholder's statute." But do you know a Catholic priest that is opposed to Slavery? I wish I did. There are good things in the Catholic faith—the Protestants have not wholly outgrown it—not yet. I wish I could hear of a single Catholic priest of any eminence who ever cared anything for the freedom of the most oppressed men that are here in America. I have heard of none (applause).

Look a little closer. The great interests prized most in America are Commerce and Politics. The great cities are the head-quarters of these, too. Agriculture and the mechanic arts, they are spread abroad all over the country. Commerce and politics predominate in the cities. New York is the great metropolis of Commerce; Washington of Politics. What have been the views of American commerce in respect to freedom? It has been against it, I am sorry to say so. In Europe commerce is the ally of freedom, and has been so far back that the memory of man runs not to the contrary. In America, the great commercial centres, ever since the Revolution, have been hostile to freedom. In Massachusetts we have a few rich men friendly to freedom—they are very few; the greater part of even Massachusetts capital goes towards bondage—not towards freedom. In general, the great men of commerce are hostile to it. They want first money, next money and money last of all; fairly if we can get it—if not, unfairly (laughter). Hence, the commercial cities are the head-quarters of Slavery; all the mercantile capitols execute the Fugitive Slave bill—Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati—only small towns repudiate man-stealing. The Northern capitalists lend money and take slaves as collateral; they are good security; you can realize on it any day. The Northern merchant takes slaves into his ships as merchandise. It pays very well. If you take them on a foreign voyage, it is "piracy"; but taken coastwise, the domestic slave trade is a legal traffic. In 1852, a ship called the "Edward Everett" made two voyages from Baltimore to New Orleans, and each time it carried slaves, once 20, once 12 (applause and hisses).

A sea captain in Massachusetts told a story to a commissioner sent to look after the Indians, which I will tell you. He commanded a small brig, which plied between Carolina and the Gulf States. "One day, at Charleston," said he, "a man came and brought to me an old negro slave. He was very old, and had fought in the Revolution, and been very distinguished for bravery and other soldierly qualities. If he had not been a negro, he would have become a Captain at least, perhaps a Colonel. But, in his old age, his master found no use for him, and said he could not afford to keep him. He asked me to take the revolutionary soldier and carry him South and sell him. I carried him," said the man, "to Mobile, and I tried to get as good and kind a master for him as I could, for I did'nt like to sell a man that had fought for his country. *I sold the old revolutionary soldier for a hundred dollars to a citizen of Mobile*, who raised poultry, and he set him to attend a hen coop." I suppose the South Carolina master drew the pension till the soldier died. "Why did you do such a thing?" said my friend, who was an Anti-Slavery man. "If I did'nt do it," he replied, "I never could get a bale of cotton, nor a box of sugar, nor anything to carry from or to any Southern port" (applause).

In Politics, almost all leading men have been servants of Slavery. Three "major prophets" of the American Republic have gone home to render their account, where the servant is free from his master and "the wicked cease from troubling," and the "weary are at rest." Clay, Calhoun, Webster; they were all prophets of Slavery against freedom (applause and hisses). No men of high political standing and influence have ever lived in this century who were sunk so deep in the mire of Slavery as they during the last twenty years. No political footprints have sunk so deep into the soil—their tracks run towards bondage. Where they marched Slavery followed.

Our Presidents must all be pro slavery men. John Quincy Adams even, the only American thus far who has inherited a great name and left it greater, as President did nothing against Slavery that has yet come to light; said nothing against it that has yet come to light. The brave old man, in his latter days, stirred up the nobler nature that was in him, and amply repaid for the sins of omission (applause). But the other Presidents, a long line of them—Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison (they are growing smaller and smaller), Tyler, Polk, Taylor (who was a brave, earnest man, and had a great deal of good in him—and now they begin to grow very rapidly small) (laughter)—Fillmore, Pierce—can you find a single breath of freedom in these men? Not one. The last slave President, though his cradle was rocked in New Hampshire, is Texan in his latitude. He swears allegiance to Slavery in his inaugural address.

Is there a breath of freedom in the great federal officers—secretaries, judges? Ask the Cabinet; ask the Supreme Court; the federal officers; they are, almost without exception, servants of Slavery. Out of forty thousand government officers to day, I think thirty-seven thousand are strongly pro-slavery; and of the three thousand who I think are at heart Anti-Slavery, we have yet to listen long before we shall hear the first Anti-Slavery lisp. I have been listening ever since the fourth of March, 1853, and have not heard a word yet. In the English Cabinet there are various opinions on important matters; in America, they "are a unit," a unit of bondage. In Russia, a revolutionary man sometimes holds a high post and does great service; in America, none but the servant of Slavery is fit for the political functions of Democracy. I believe, in the United States there is not a single editor holding a goverment office who says anything against the Nebraska bill. They do not dare. Did a Whig office-holder oppose the Fugitive Slave bill or its enforcement? I never heard of one. The day of office, like the day of bon fage, "takes off half a man's manhood," and the other half it hides! A little while ago, an Anti-Slavery man in Massachusetts carried a remonstrance against the Nebraska bill, signed by almost every voter in his town, to the postmaster, and asked him, "Will you sign it?" "No, I shan't," said he. "Why not?" Before he answered, one of his neighbours said, "Well, I would not sign it if I was he." "Why not?" said the man. "Because if he did, he would be turned out of office in twenty-four hours; the next telegraph would do the business for him." "Well," said my friend, "if I held an office on that condition, I would get the biggest brass dog-collar I could find and put it around my neck, and have my owner's name on it, in great, large letters, so that every body might see whose dog I was" (bursts of laughter).

In the individual States, I think there is not a single Anti-Slavery government. I believe Vermont is the only State that has an Anti-Slavery Supreme Court; and that is the only State which has not much concern in commerce or manufactures. It is a State of farmers.

For a long time the American Government has been controlled by Slavery. There is an old story told by the Hebrew rabbis, that before the flood there was an enormous giant, called Gog. After the flood had got into full tide of successful experiment, and everybody was drowned except those taken into the ark, Gog came striding along after Noah, feeling his way with a cane as long as a mast of the "Great Republic." The waters had only just come up to his girdle. It was then over the hill tops and was still rising—raining night and day. The giant hailed the Patriarch. Noah put his head out of the window, and said, "Who is there?" "It is I," said Gog. "Take us in; it is wet outside!" "No," said Noah, "You're too big; no room. Besides, you're a bad character. You would be a very dangerous passenger, and would make trouble in the ark; I shall not take you;" and he clapped to the window. "Go to thunder," said Gog; "I will ride after all;" and he strode after him wading, through the waters and keeping out of the deep holes, and *mounting on the top of the ark*, with one leg over the larboard and the other over the starboard side, steered it just as he pleased and made it rough weather inside (laughter). Now, in making the Constitution, we did not care to take in Slavery in express terms. It looked ugly. Swit got on the top astride, and it steers us just where it pleases (applause).

The Slave Power controls the President, and fills all the offices. Out of the twelve elected Presidents, four have been from the North, and the last of them might just as well have been taken by lot at the South anywhere. Mr. Pierce, I just now said, was Texan in his latitude. His conscience is Texan; only his cradle was New Hampshire. Of the nine Judges of the Supreme Court, five are from the slave States—the Chief Justice from the slave States. A part of the Cabinet are from the North—I forget how many; it makes no difference; they are all of the same Southern complexion: and the man that was taken from the farthest north, Caleb Cushing, I think is most southern in his Slavery proclivities.

The nation fluctuates in its policy. Now it is for internal improvements; then it is against them. Now it is for a bank; then a bank is unconstitutional. Now it is for free trade; then for protection; then for free trade again—protection is altogether unconstitutional. Mr. Calhoun turns clear round—When the North went for free trade and grew rich by that, Calhoun did not like it, and wanted protection. He thought the South would grow rich by it. And when the North grew rich under protection, he turned round to free trade again. Now the nation is for giving away the public lands. Sixteen millions of acres of "swamp lands" are given, within seven years, to States. Twenty five millions of the public lands are given away gratuitously to soldiers—six millions in a single year. Forty-seven millions of the public lands to seventeen States for schools, colleges, &c. Forty-seven thousand acres for deaf and dumb asylums. And look; just now it changes its policy and Mr. Pierce is opposed to granting any land—it is not constitutional—to Miss Dix, to make the insane sober and bring them to their right minds. He may have a private reason for keeping the people in a state of craziness; for aught I know (laughter).

The public policy changes in these matters. It never changes in respect to Slavery. Be the Whigs in power, Slavery is Whig; be the Democrats, it is Democratic. At first, Slavery was an exceptional measure, and men tried to apologize for it and excuse it. Now it is a Normal Principle, and the institution must be defended and enlarged.

Commercial men must be moved, I suppose, by commercial arguments. Look, then, at this statement of facts.

Slavery is unprofitable for the people. America is poorer for Slavery. I am speaking in the great faces of American commerce—the third city for population and riches in the Christian world. Let me, therefore, talk about Dollars. America, I say, is poorer for Slavery. If the three and a quarter millions of slaves were freemen, how much richer would she be? There is no State in the Union but it is poorer for Slavery. It is a bad tool to work with. The educated freemen is the best working power in the world.

Compare the North with the South, and see what a difference in riches, comfort, education. See the superiority of the North. But the South started with every advantage of nature—soil, climate, everything. To make the case plainer, let me take two great States, Virginia and New York. Compare them together.

In geographical position, Virginia has every advantage over New York. Almost everything that will grow in the Union will grow somewhere in Virginia, save sugar. The largest ships can sail up the Potomac a hundred miles, as far as Alexandria. The Rappahannock, York, James, are all navigable rivers. The Ohio flanks Virginia more than three hundred miles. There is sixty miles of navigation on the Kanawha. New York has a single navigable stream with not a hundred and fifty miles of navigation, from Troy to the ocean. Virginia has the best harbour on the Atlantic coast, and several smaller ones. Your State has but a single maritime port. Virginia abounds in water-power for mills. I stood once on the steps of the Capitol at Washington and within six miles of me under my eyes there was a water-power greater than that which turns the mills of Lawrence, Lowell and Manchester, all put together. In 1830, it did not turn a wheel; now, I am told, it drives a grist mill (laughter). No State is so rich in water-power. The Alleghanies are a great water-shed, and at the eaves the streams rush forward as if impatient to turn mills. New York has got very little water-power of this sort. Virginia is full of minerals—coal, iron, lead, copper, salt. Her agricultural resources are immense. What timber clothes her mountains! what a soil for Indian corn, wheat, tobacco, rice! even cotton grows in the southern part. Washington said the central counties of Virginia were the best land in the United States. Daniel Webster, reporting to Virginians of his European tour, said he saw no lands in Europe so good as the valley of the Shenandoah. Virginia is rich in mountain pastures, favourable to sheep and horned cattle. Nature gives Virginia everything that can be asked of nature. What a position for agriculture, manufactures, mining, commerce! Norfolk is a hundred miles nearer Chicago than New York is, but she has no intercourse with Chicago. It is three hundred miles nearer the mouth of the Ohio; but if a Norfolk man wants to go to St. Louis, I believe his quickest way lies through New York. It is not a day's sail farther from Liverpool; it is nearer to the Mediterranean and South American points. But what is Norfolk, with her 23,000 tuns of shipping and her fourteen thousand population? What is Richmond, with her twenty-seven thousand men—ten thousand of them slaves. Nay, what is Virginia itself, the very oldest state. Let me cypher out some numerical details.

In 1790, she had 748,000 inhabitants; now she has 1,421,000. She has not doubled in 60 years. In 1790 New York had 340,000; now she has 3,048,000. She has multiplied her population almost ten times (applause). In Virginia, in 1850, there were only 452,000 more freemen than sixty years before; in New York there were 2,724,000 *more freemen than there were* in 1790. There are only 165,000 dwellings in Virginia, 463,000 in New York. Then the Virginia farms were worth $216,000,000; yours, $554,000,000; Virginia is wholly agricultural, while you are also manufacturing and commercial. Her farm tools were worth $7,000,000; yours, $22,000,000. Her cattle, $33,000,000; yours, $73,000,000. The orchard products of Virginia were worth $177,000; of New York, $1,762,000. Virginia had 478 miles of railroad; you had 1,826 miles. She had 74 000 tuns of shipping; you had 942,000. The value of her cotton factories was not two millions; the value of yours was four and a quarter millions. She produced $841,000 worth of woolen goods; you produced $7,030,000. Her furnaces produced two millions and a half; yours produced eight millions. Her tanneries $894,000; yours, 9 804,000. All of her manufactures together were not worth $9,000,000; those of the *city of New York* alone have an annual value of $105,000,000. Her attendance at school was 169,000; yours, 693,000.

But there is one thing in which Virginia is far in advance of you. Of native Virginians, over twenty years old, who could not read the name of "Christ" or the word "God"—free white people who cannot read *democrat*—there were 87,383. That is, out of every five hundred free white persons, there were *one hundred and five* that could not spell Pierce. In New York there are 30,670—no more; so that out of five hundred persons, there are *six* that cannot read or write. Virginia is advancing rapidly upon you in respect. In 1840 she had only 58,787 adults that could not read and write; now 28,596 more. So you see she is advancing!

Virginia has 87 newspapers; New York, 125. Virginia's newspaper circulation is 89 000; New York's newspaper circulation is 1,622,000. The *Tribune*—I think it is the best paper there is in the world—has and long applause; after which three cheers were given for the *Tribune*)—has an aggregate circulation of 110,000; 20,000 more than all the newspapers of Virginia (applause). Virginia prints every year 9,000,000 of copies of newspapers, all told. New York prints 115,000,000. The New York *Tribune* prints 15,000,000—more than the whole State of Virginia put together. Such is the State of things counted in the gross, but I think the New York *quality* is as much better as the quantity is more (laughter).

Virginia has 88,000 books in libraries not private; New York 1,750,000; a little more than twenty to one. Virginia expects $3,500,000; New York $53,000,000. Virginia imports $420,000; New York $111,000,000. But in one article of export she is in advance of you—she sends to the market of the South about $10 000,000 or $12 000,000 worth of her children every year; *exports slaves*. The value of the property real and personal in the State of Virginia *including* slaves, is $430,701,882; of New York $1,000,000,000, without estimating the value of the tuns of shipping own it. Virginia has got 472,528 slaves. I will estimate them at less than the market-value—at $400 each—they come to $189,000,000. I substract this value of the *working people of Virginia* and she is worth quite 242,000,000. Now, the State of New York might buy up all the property of Virginia, *including slaves*, and still have $810,000,000 left; might buy up all the real and personal property of Virginia, except the working-men, and have $335 000,000 left. The North appropriates the rivers, the mines, the harbours, the forests, fire and water—the South *kidnaps men*. Behold the *commercial* result.

Virginia is a great State—very great! You do not know how great it is. I will read it to you presently. Things are great and small by comparison. I

souri and Arkansas emigrants would, if so disposed, chase out of Nebraska and Kansas all the Abolitionists who have figured for the last twenty years at Anti-Slavery meetings."

I say Slavery is not profitable for the Nation nor for a State, but it is profitable for *slave-owners*. You will see why. If the Northern capitalist owned the weavers and spinners at Lowell and Lawrence, New England would be poorer; and the working-men would not be so well off, or so well-educated; but Undershot and Overshot, Turbine Brothers, Spindle & Co. would be richer and would get larger dividends. Land monopoly in England enfeebles the island, but enriches the aristocracy. How poor, ill-fed and ill-clad were the French peasants before the revolution; how costly was the *chateau* of the noble. Monopoly was bad for the people; profitable for the rich men. How poor are the people in Italy; how rich the Cardinals and the Pope. Oppression enriches the oppressor; it makes poorer the down-trodden. Piracy is very costly to the merchant and to mankind; but it enriches the pirate. Slavery impoverishes Virginia, but it enriches the master. It gives him money—commercial power—office—political power. The slaveholder is drawn in his triumphal chariot by two chattels; one, the poor black man, whom he "owns legally;" the other, is the poor white man, whom he owns morally and harnesses to his chariot. Hence these American lords of the lash, cleave to this institution—they love it To the slaveholders, Slavery is money and power!

Now the South, weak in numbers, feeble in respect to money, has continually directed the politics of America, just as she would. Her ignorance and poverty were more efficacious than the northern riches and education. She is in earnest for Slavery; the North not *in earnest for freedom! only earnest for money*. So long as the Federal Government grinds the axes of the northern merchant, he cares little whether the stone is turned by the free man's labour or the slave's. Hence, the *great centres of northern commerce* and manufactures are also the *great centres of pro-slavery politics*. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, they all liked the Fugitive Slave bill; all took pains to seize the fugitive who fled to a Northern altar for freedom; nay, the most conspicuous clergymen in those cities became apostles of Kidnapping; their churches were of Commerce, not Christianity. The North yielded to that last most insolent demand. Under the influence of that excitement she chose the present Administration, the present Congress. Now see the result! Whig and Democrat meet on the same platform at Baltimore. It was the platform of Slavery. Both candidates gave in their allegiance to the same measure—Scott and Pierce—it was the measure which compromised the first principles of the American Independence—they were sworn on the Fugitive Slave bill. Whig and Democrat knew no "Higher Law," only the statute of slaveholders. Conscience bent down before the Constitution. What sort of a government can you expect from such conduct! What Representatives! Just what you have got. Sow the wind, will you? then reap the whirlwind Mr. Pierce said in his Inaugural, "I believe that involuntary servitude is recognised by the Constitution"; "that it stands like any other admitted right. I hold that the Compromise measures (i. e. the Fugitive Slave bill) are strictly constitutional and *to be unhesitatingly carried into effect*." The laws to secure the master's *right* to capture a man in the free States "should be respected and obeyed, *not with a reluctance* encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of Society, *but cheerfully* and according to the decision of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs." These words were *historical*—reminiscences of the time when "*no Higher Law*" was the watchword of the American State and the American Church; they were *prophetic*—ominous of what we see to-day.

I. Here is the Gadsden Treaty which has been negotiated. How bad it is I cannot say; only this. If I am rightly informed, a tract of 39,000,000 acres, larger than all Virginia, is "re-annexed" to the slave soil which the "flag of our Union" already waves over. The whole thing, when it is fairly understood by the public, I think will be seen to be a more iniquitous matter than this Nebraska wickedness.

II. Then comes the Nebraska bill, yet to be consummated. While we are sitting here in cold debate, it may be the measure has passed. From the beginning I have never had any doubts that it would pass; if it could not be put through this session—as I thought it would—I felt sure that before this Congress goes out of office, Nebraska would be slave soil. You see what a majority there was in the Senate; you see what a majority there is in the House. I know there is an opposition—and most brilliantly conducted, too, by the few faithful men; but see this: The Administration has yet three years to run. There is an annual income of sixty millions of dollars. There are forty thousand offices to be disposed of—four thousand very valuable And do you think that a Democratic Administration, with that amount of offices, of money and time, cannot buy up northern doughfaces enough to carry any measure it pleases? I know better. Once I thought that Texas could not be annexed. It was done. I learned wisdom from that. I have taken my counsel of my fears. I have not seen any barrier on which the North would rally that we have come to yet There are some things behind us. John Randolph said, years ago, "We will drive you from pillar to post, back, back, back." He has been as good as his word. We have been driven "back, back, back." But we cannot be driven much farther. There is a spot where we shall stop. I am afraid we have not come to it yet. I will say no more about it just now—because not many weeks ago I stood here and said a great deal. You have listened to me when I was feeble and hollow-voiced; I will not tax your patience now, for in this, as in a celebrated feast of old, they have "kept the good wine until now!" (alluding to Garrison and Phillips who were to follow).

If the Nebraska bill *is* defeated, I shall rejoice that Iniquity is foiled once more. But if it become a law—there are some things which seem probable.

1. On the Fourth of March, 1856, the Democrats will have "*leave to withdraw*" from office.

2. Every northern man who has taken a prominent stand in behalf of Slavery will be *politically ruined*. You know what befell the Northern Politicians who voted for the Missouri Compromise; a similar fate hangs over the men who enslave Nebraska. Already, Mr. Everett is, theologically speaking, among the "*lost*;" and of all the three thousand New England ministers whose petition he dared not present, not one will ever pray for his political *salvation*.

Pause with me and drop a tear over the ruin of Edward Everett, a man of large talents and commensurate industry, very learned, the most scholarly man, perhaps, in the country, with a persuasive beauty of speech only equalled by this American [Mr. PHILLIPS], who surpasses him; he has had a long career of public service, public honour—Clergyman, Professor, Editor, Representative, Governor, Ambassador, President of Harvard College, alike the ornament as the Auxiliary of many a learned Society—he yet comes to such an end.

> "This is the state of man; to-day, he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, *Nebraska's* frost;
> And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
> His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
> And then he falls ———.
> "O how wretched
> Is that poor man that hangs on *public* favours!
> There is betwixt that smile *he* would aspire to,
> That sweet aspect of *voters*, and their ruin,
> More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
> And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to hope again!"

Mr. DOUGLASS also is finished; the success of his measure is his own defeat. Mr. PIERCE has three short years to serve; then there will be one more Ex-President—ranking with Tyler and Fillmore. Mr. Seward need not agitate,

> ——— "Let it work
> For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
> Hoise with his own petar."

III. The next thing is the enslavement of Cuba. That is a very serious matter. It has been desired a long time. Lopez, a Spanish filibuster, undertook it and was legally put to death. I am not an advocate for the *garrote*, but I think, all things taken into consideration, that he did not meet with a very inadequate mode of death, and I believe that is the general opinion, not only in Cuba, but in the United States. But Young America is not content with that. *Mr. Dean*, a little while ago, in the House, proposed to repeal the neutrality laws—to set fillibusterism on its legs again. You remember the President's message about the "Black Warrior"—how *black warrior* like it was; and then comes the "unanimous resolution" of the Louisiana legislature asking the United States to interfere and declare war, in case Cuba should undertake to emancipate her slaves. Senator *Slidell's* speech is still tingling in our ears, asking the Government to repeal the neutrality laws and allow every pirate who pleases to land in Cuba and burn and destroy. You know *Mr. Soulé's* conduct in Madrid. It is rumoured that he has been authorized to offer $250,000,000 for Cuba. The sum is enormous; but when you consider the character of *this* Administration and the Inaugural of President Pierce, the unscrupulous abuse made of public money, I do not think it is a very extraordinary supposition.

But this matter of getting possession of Cuba is something dangerous as well as difficult. There are three conceivable ways of getting it: one is by *buying*, and that I take it is wholly out of the question. If I am rightly informed, there is a certain Spanish debt owing to Englishmen, and that Cuba is somehow pledged as a sort of collateral security for the Spanish Bonds. I take it for granted that Cuba is not to be bought for many years without the interference of England, and depend upon it England will not allow it to be sold *for the establishment of Slavery*; for I think it is pretty well understood by politicians that there is a regular agreement entered into between Spain on one side and England on the other, that at a certain period within twenty-five years every slave in Cuba shall be set free (applause). I believe this is known to men somewhat versed in the secret history of the two Cabinets of England and of Spain. England has the same wish for land which fires our Anglo-Saxon blood. She has Islands in the West Indies; the Morro in Cuba is only 100 miles from Jamaica. If we get Cuba for Slavery, we shall next want the British West Indies for the same institution. Cuba filled with fillibusters would be a dangerous neighbour.

Then there are two other ways: one is by fillibusterism; and that Mr. *Slidell* and Mr. *Dean* want to try; the other is by open war. Now, fillibusterism will lead to open war, so I will consider only this issue.

I know that Americans will fight more desperately, perhaps, on land or sea, than any other people. But fighting is an ugly business, especially with such antagonists as we shall have in this case. It is a matter well understood that the Captain General of Cuba has a paper in his possession authorizing him discretionally to *free the slaves and put arms* in their hands whenever it is thought necessary (applause). It is rather difficult to get at the exact statistics of Cuba. There has been no census since 1842. I think, when the population was estimated at a million. I will reckon it now at 1,300,000—700,000 blacks, and 600,000 whites. Of he 700,000 blacks, half a million are slaves and *two hundred thousand free men*. Now, a black free man in Cuba is a very different person from the black free man in the United States. He has *rights*. He is not turned out of the omnibus nor the *meeting house* nor the *graveyard*. He is respected by the law; he respects himself, and is a formidable person; let the blacks be furnished with arms, they are formidable foes. And remember there are mountain fastnesses in the centre of the island; that it is as defensible as St. Domingo; and it has a very unhealthy climate for Northern men. The Spaniard would have great allies. The vomito is there; typhoid, dysentery, yellow fever, the worst of all, is there. A Northern army even of fillibusters would fight against the most dreadful odds. "The Lord from on high," as the old Hebrew would say, would fight against the Northern men; the pestilence that swept off Senacharib's host would not respect the fillibuster.

That is not all What sort of a navy has Spain? *One hundred and seventy-nine ships* of war! They are small mostly, but they carry over 1,400 cannon, and 24,000 men—15,000 marines and 9,000 sailors. The United States has *seventy-five ships* of war; 2,200 cannon, 14,000 men—large ships, heavy cannon That is not all. Spaniards fight desperately. A Spanish armada I would not be very much afraid of; but Spain will issue letters of marque, and a Portuguese or Spanish pirate is rather an uncomfortable being to meet. Our commerce is spread all over the seas; there is no mercantile marine so unprotected as ours. Our ships do not carry muskets, still less cannon, since pirates have been swept off the sea. Let Spain issue letters of marque, England winking at it, and Algerine pirates from out the Barbary States of Africa, and other pirates from the Brazilian, Mexican and the West Indian ports, would prowl about the coast of the Mediterrenean and over all the bosom of the Atlantic; and then where would be our commerce? The South has nothing to fear from that. She has got no shipping Yes, Norfolk has 23,000 tuns. The South is not afraid. The North has nearly *four million tuns* of shipping. But touch the commerce of a Northern man and you touch his heart.

England has conceded to us as a Measure just what we asked. We have always declared "free ships make free goods." England said "hostile ships make hostile goods." Now she has not affirmed our Principle; she has assented to our Measure. That is all you can expect her to do. But if we repeal our neutrality laws and seek to get Cuba in order to establish Slavery there, endangering the interests of England, and the freedom of her coloured citizens, depend upon it England will not suffer this to be done without herself interfering. If she is so deeply immersed in European wars that she cannot interfere directly, she will indirectly. But I have not thought that England and France are to be much engaged in a European war. I suppose the intention of the American Cabinet is to seize Cuba as soon as the British and Russians are fairly fighting, thinking that England will not interfere. But in "this war of elder sons" which now goes on for the dismemberment of Turkey, it is not so clear that England will be so deeply engaged that she cannot attend to her domestic affairs, or the interest of her West Indies. I think these powers are going to divide Turkey between them, but I do not believe they are going to do much fighting there. If we are bent on seizing Cuba, a long and ruinous fight is a thing that ought to enter into men's calculations. Now, let such a naval warfare take place, and how will your insurance stock look in New York, Philadelphia and Boston? How will your merchants look when reports come one after another that your ships are carried in as prizes by Spain or sunk on the ocean after they have been plundered? I speak in the great commercial metropolis of America. I wish these things to be seriously considered by Northern men. Though I would not fear a naval war, let the Northern men look out for their own ships. But here is a matter which the South might think of. In case of foreign war, the North will not be the battle field. An invading army would attack the South. Who would defend it—the local militia, the "Chivalry" of South Carolina, the "gentlemen" of Virginia, who are to slaughter a 100,000 Abolitionists in a day? Let an army set foot on Southern soil, with a few *black Regiments*; let the commander offer *freedom to all the Slaves and put arms in their hands*; let him ask them to *burn houses and butcher men*; and there would be a state of things not quite so pleasant for gentlemen of the South to look at. "They that laughed at the grovelling worm and trod on him may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon"! Now, there is only one opinion about the *valour* of President Pierce. Like the sword of Hudibras it cut into itself,

> "——————— for lack
> Of other stuff to hew and hack."

But would he like to stand with such a fire in his rear; set a house on fire by hot shot, and you don't *know how much of it will burn down*.

IV. Well, if Nebraska is made a slave territory, as I suppose it will be, the next thing is the possession of Cuba. Then the war against Spain will come, as I think, inevitably. But even if we don't get Cuba, Slavery must be extended to *other parts of the Union*. This may be done *judicially* by the Supreme Court—one of the powerful agents to destroy local self-government and legalize centralization; or *legislatively* by Congress. Already Slavery is established in California. An attempt, you know, was made to establish it in Illinois. Senator Toombs, the other day, boasted to John P. Hale that it would "not be long before the slaveholder would sit down at the foot of Bunker Hill monument with his slaves." You and I may live to see it—at least to see the attempt made. A writer in a prominent Southern journal, the *Charleston Courier* (of March 16, 1854), declares "that domestic Slavery is a constitutional institution and cannot be prohibited in a territory by either Territorial or Congressional legislation. It is recognised by the Constitution as an existing and lawful Institution . . and by the *recognition and establishment of Slavery eo nomine* in the District of Columbia, under the constitutional provision for the acquisition of and exclusive legislation over such a capitoline district; and by that clause also which declares that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." "The *citizens of any State . . cannot be constitutionally denied the equal right . . of sojourning or settling . . with their man servants and maid servants . . in any portion of the wide-spread Canaan* which the Lord their God hath given them, *there to dwell unmolested in* person or PROPERTY." Admirable exposition of the Constitution! The free black man must be shut up in jail if he goes from Boston in a ship to Charleston, but the slaveholder may bring his slaves to Massachusetts and dwell there *unmolested with his property in men*. South Carolina has a white population of 274,567 persons, considerably less than half the population of this city. But if South Carolina says to the State of New York, with three million men in it, let us bring our slaves to New York, what will the "Hards" and the "Softs" and the "Silver Greys" answer? Gentlemen, we shall hear what we shall hear. I fear not an officeholder of any note would oppose the measure. It might be carried with the present Supreme Court, or Congress, I make no doubt.

But this is not the end. After the Gadsden Treaty, the enslavement of Nebraska, the extension of Slavery to the free States, the seizure of Cuba, with other Islands—San Domingo, &c.—there is one step more—THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

A recent number of the *Southern Standard* thus develops the thought: "With firmness and judgment we can open up the African slave emigration again to people the whole region of the tropics. We can boldly defend this upon the most enlarged system of philanthropy. It is far better for the wild races of Africa themselves." "The good old Las Casas, in 1519, was the first to advise Spain to import Africans to her colonies. . . Experience has shown his scheme was founded in wise and Christian philantrophy. . . The time is coming when we will boldly defend this emigration [kidnapping men in Africa and selling them in the Christian Republic] before the world. The hypocritical cant and whining morality of the latter-day saints will die away before the majesty of commerce. . . We have too long been governed by psalm-singing schoolmasters from the North . . The folly commenced in our own government uniting with Great Britain to declare slave-importing piracy." . . "A general rupture in Europe would force upon us the undisputed sway of the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies . . With Cuba and St. Domingo, we could control the . . power of the world. Our true policy is to look to Brazil as the next great slave power . . A treaty of commerce and alliance with Brazil will give us the control over the Gulf of Mexico and its border countries, together with the islands; and the consequence of this will place African Slavery beyond the reach of fanaticism at home or abroad. These two great slave powers . . ought to guard and strengthen their mutual interests . . We can not only preserve domestic servitude, but we can defy the power of the world." . . "The time will come that all the islands and regions suited to African Slavery, between us and Brazil, will fall under the control of these two powers . . In a few years there will be no investment for the $200,000,000 . . so profitable . . as the development . . of the tropical regions" [that is as the African slave trade]. . . "If the slaveholding race in these States are but true to themselves, they have a great destiny before them."

Now, gentlemen and ladies, who is to blame that things have come to such a pass as this? The South and the North, but the North much more than the South, very much more. Gentlemen, we let Gog get upon the Ark; we took *pay for his passage*. Our most prominent men in Church and State have sworn allegiance to Gog. But this is not always to last; there is a day after to-day—a FOREVER behind each to-day.

The North ought to have fought Slavery at the adoption of the Constitution, and at every step since; after the battle was lost then, we should have resisted each successive step of the Slave Power. But we have yielded—yielded continually. We made no fight over the annexation of slave territory, the admission of slave States. We should have rent the Union into the primitive townships sooner than consent to the Fugitive Slave bill. But as we failed to fight manfully then, I never thought the North would rally on the Missouri Compromise line. I rejoice at the display of indignation I witness here and elsewhere. For once New York appears more moral than Boston. I thank you for it. A meeting is called in the Park to-morrow. It is high time. But I doubt that the North will yet rally and defend the line drawn in 1820. But there are two lines of defence where the Nation will pause, I think—the *occupation of Cuba*, with its war so destructive to Northern ships; and the *restoration of the African slave trade*. The *slave-breeding* States, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, will oppose that; for if the Gulf States and the future tropical territories can import Africans at $100 a head, depend upon it, that will spoil the market for the slave-breeders of America. And, gentlemen, if Virginia cannot sell her own children, how will this "well-born, well-educated, well-bred aristocrat" look down on the poor and ignorant Yankee! No, gentlemen, this iniquity is not to last forever. A certain amount of force will compress a cubic foot of water into nine-tenths of its natural size; but the weight of the whole earth cannot make it any smaller. Even the North is not infinitely compressible. When atom touches atom, you may take off the screws.

Things cannot continue long in this condition. Every triumph of Slavery is a day's march towards its ruin. There is no Higher Law, is there? "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, the council of the wicked is carried"—aye, but *it is carried headlong*.

Only see what a change has coming over our spirit just now. Three years ago, Isaiah Rynders and Hiram Ketchum domineered over New York; and those gentlemen who are to follow me, and whom you are impatient to hear, were mobbed down in the city of New York, two years ago; they could not find a hall that would be leased to them for money or love, and had to adjourn to Syracuse to hold their convention. Look at this assembly now (applause).

A little while ago all the leading clergymen were in favour of the fugitive slave bill; now three thousand of New England ministers remonstrate against Nebraska. They know there is a fire in their rear, and, in theological language, it is a fire that "is not quenched." It goeth not out by day and there is no night *there*. The clergymen stand between eternal torment on one side and the little giant of Slavery on the other. They do not go back! Two thousand English clergymen once became non-conformists in a single day. Three thousand New England ministers remonstrated against the enslavement of Nebraska. Now is the time to push and be active, call meetings, bring out men of all parties, all forms of religion, agitate, agitate, agitate. Make a fire in the rear of the Government and the representatives. The South is weak—only united. The North is strong in money, in men, in education, in the justice of our great cause—only not united for freedom. Only be faithful to ourselves and Slavery will come down, not slowly, as I thought once, but when the people of the North say it, it will come down with a GREAT CRASH (great applause).

Then when we are free from this plague-spot of Slavery—the curse to our industry, our education, our politics, and our religion—we shall increase more rapidly in number and still more abundantly be rich. The South will be as the North—active, intelligent—Virginia rich as New York, the Carolinas as active as Massachusetts. Then, by peaceful purchase, the Anglo-Saxon may acquire the rest of this North American Continent. The Spaniards will make nothing of it. Nay, we may honourably go further South, and possess the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of the Northern continent, extending the area of *Freedom* at every step. We may carry thither the Anglo Saxon vigour and enterprise, the old love of liberty, the love also of law; the best institutions of the present age—ecclesiastical, political, social, domestic. Then what a nation we shall one day become. America, the mother of a thousand Anglo-Saxon States, tropic and temperate, on both sides the Equator, may behold the Mississippi and the Amazon uniting their waters, the drainage of two vast continents in the Mediterranean of the Western World; may count her children at last by hundreds of millions—and among them all behold no tyrant and no slave! What a spectacle—the Anglo-Saxon Family occupying a whole hemisphere, with industry, freedom, religion. The fulfilment of this vision is our province; we are the involuntary instruments of God. Shall America scorn the mission God sends her on? Then let us all perish, and may Russia teach justice to mankind!

NEBRASKA.

As our readers, probably, will know, ere this paper reaches them, the Nebraska Bill has passed the House of Representatives at Washington, and only needs the assent of the Senate to an amendment, and the signature of the President—both sure to be given—to become a law. The final act of the House by which the gigantic villany was consummated was a fit ending to the inception and the progress of this latest aggression of the Slave Power. As it was born in iniquity, and has been nurtured in corruption, so it was carried through at last by fraud. It was the hope of the minority to stave off the question on its passage by the same means which had hitherto been successful—in moving amendments and calling for the yeas and nays on them. The debate on the Bill closed on Saturday, and on Monday the House, in Committee of the Whole, was to commence action on its details under the rule which restricts members to five minutes speeches. But a new and unexpected parliamentary "dodge" was sprung upon the minority. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, moved to strike out the enacting clause, the effect of which motion was, under the rules, to cut off all amendments and to have the bill reported to the House to be voted upon. Of course the motion was not carried without a struggle, but it was brief and ineffectual. The most of the minority did the wisest thing they could, and showed a temper which unfortunately they did not preserve to the end—they declined to vote at all, and the motion was carried by a vote of 103 to 22. The next motion was that the Committee rise and report progress, and here again the minority kept to the only manly course left them—short of leaving the Hall—that of 'masterly inactivity'; the vote was 101 to 2. Of course, when the Speaker took the chair the first question raised was whether the Committee of the Whole could rise and report progress without a quorum, and no quorum had voted on that motion. But it was as easy to ignore rules as to use them for new purposes; the Speaker declared he was not officially cognizant of any such fact as the want of a quorum in the Committee. The work now proceeded rapidly. Some motions were made in the desperate hope of still preventing the House from coming to a final vote, but they were speedily put down. We give the conclusion from the report:

Eight and a half o'clock.—Mr. RICHARDSON moved his substitute for the bill (being the same as the Senate bill with the exception of Mr. Clayton's amendment), and moved the previous question. Vociferous cries of —"Question," "Question."

Mr. DEAN called for the reading of the substitute, saying that neither this nor the House bill has yet been read.

The CLERK commenced reading, when,

Mr. JONES (Tenn.) said, the gentleman who called for the reading being without the bar, I move that the further reading be dispensed with.

Mr. DEAN [jumping within the bar] replied, the gentleman is alongside of the gentleman from Tennessee now [laughter].

The reading occupied an hour.

Mr. EDGERTON raised a point of order, that as the substitute contains an appropriation for the salaries of Governors, &c., it must be first discussed in Committee of the Whole, according to one of the rules relating to taxation or charge on the Treasury.

The SPEAKER overruled the point on the ground that the original bill had been discussed.

The main question was ordered to be put—yeas 116, nays 90.

Mr. RICHARDSON'S substitute was then agreed to—yeas 115, nays 96.

The question was stated on ordering the bill to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. MILLSON (Va.) moved to lay the bill on the table. Negatived—yeas 100, nays 104.

At half past 10 *o'clock*, Mr. MATTESON made an unsuccessful motion to adjourn.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. Yeas 112, Nays 99

The bill was read a third time, and at 11 o'clock was passed by a vote of Yeas, 113; Nays, 100. [Applause in the galleries and on the floor, accompanied by hissing.]

YEAS—Messrs. Abercrombie, Jas. C. Allen, Willis Allen, Ashe, Bailey, Bayly, Barksdale, Barry, Bell, Bocock, Boyce, Breckenridge, Bridges, Brooks, Caruthers, Chastain, Chrisman, Churchwell, Clark, Clingman, Cobb, Colquitt, Cox, Craige, Cumming, Cutting, Davis (Ind.), Dawson, Disney, Dunbar, Dunham, Eddy, Edmunson, Ellicott (Ky.), English, Faulkner, Florence, Goode, Green, Greenwood, Grey, Hamilton, Harris (Ala.), Hendricks, Henn, Hibbard, Hill, Hillyer, Houston, Ingersoll, Jones of Tenn., Jones of Pa., Kerr, Kidwell, Kurtz, Lamb, Lane, Latham, Letcher, Lilly, Lindley, Macdonald, McDougal, McNan, Maxwell, May, Miller of Mo., Miller of Ind., Olds, Oliver of Mo., Packer, Perkins, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Preston, Ready, Reese, Richardson, Riddle, Robbins, Rowe, Ruffin, Seward, Shannon, Shaw, Shower, Singleton, Smith of Tenn., Smith of Ala., Smyth, Snodgrass, Stanton of Tenn., Stanton of Ky., Straub, Stuart of Mich., Taylor of N. Y., Tweed, Vail, Vansant, Walbridge, Walker, Walsh, Warren, Westbrooke, Witte, Wright of Miss., Wright of Pa., Zollikoffer.

NAYS—Messrs. Ball, Banks, Belcher, Bennett, Benson, Benton, Bugg, Campbell, Carpenter, Chandler, Crocker, Cullum, Curtis, Davis of R. I., Dean, Dewitt, Dick, Dickinson, Drum, Eastman, Edgerton, Edmonds, Elliot of Mass., Elison, Etheridge, Everhart, Farley, Fenton, Flagler, Fuller, Gamble, Giddings, Goodrich, Grow, Harlan of Ohio, Harlan of Ind., Harrison, Hastings, Haven, Heister, Howe, Hughes, Hunt, Johnson, Jones (N. Y.) Kittredge, Knox, Lindley of O., Lyon, McCulloch, Mace, Matteson, Mayall, Meacham, Middlesworth, Millson, Morgan, Morrison, Murray, Nichols, Noble, Norton, Oliver (N. Y.), Parker, Peck, Peckham, Pennington, Perkins, Pratt, Pringle, Puryear, Ritchie, Ritchey, Rogers, Russell, Sabin, Sage, Sapp, Seymour, Simmons, Skelton, Smith (N. Y.), Stevens, Stratton, Stuart (Ohio), Taylor (Ohio), Taylor (Tenn.), Thurston, Tracy, Trout, Upham, Wade, Walley, Washburne, Washburne, Jr., Wells, Wentwort (Ill.), Wentworth (Mass.), Wheeler, Yates.

The SPEAKER rapped for order.

Mr. RICHARDSON hoped order would be preserved, and moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill was passed, and to lay that motion on the table.

Mr. LETCHER (Va.) moved that when the House adjourn, it adjourn to Wednesday next.

The SPEAKER decided the motion out of order.

Mr. LETCHER appealed.

The Chair was sustained; yeas 99, nays 80.

Mr. RICHARDSON'S motion to reconsider and to lay that motion on the table was agreed to; and at 11 1-2 o'clock the House adjourned.

EMANCIPATION IN VENEZUELA.

Our readers have been informed of the Decree of the Government of Venezuela for the Immediate Emancipation of the slaves of that Republic. The only account we have seen of the execution of this decree and the consequences attending it, is contained in the following extract from the correspondence of the *Herald*. It is hardly to be supposed that a writer for that infamous pro-Slavery sheet would speak in too favourable terms of the conduct of the emancipated class, and therefore we may regard this new evidence of the safety of Immediate Emancipation as the voluntary though reluctant testimony of an enemy.

I take leave to inform you that the liberation of the slaves passed off well; the promulgation of the act of emancipation by the Governor of Caraccas excited much attention, not, however, so much from the philanthropy of the measure, as from the civic and military procession, in which President Monagas and his Cabinet Ministers joined. Lithographic cuts were stuck up, representing the Congress and a group of negroes, male and female, in great exultation, with one in the foreground in chains. President Monagas stands between the Congress and the negroes. In one hand he holds a scroll, on which is written "Liberty." and in the other a pair of iron fetters broken asunder. The friends of Monagas pretend that he has immortalized himself by this act, and they style him the second liberator. But the fact really is, that the introduction of the measure did not originate with Monagas. It was a political movement by certain members of Congress, with the object of ingratiating themselves with the President, to make the Monagas popular, and hoping thereby to meet their reward. And it has leaked out that a certain leading member received four thousand dollars for urging the matter through. The measure was introduced and urged through Congress with the greatest precipitancy, for not a single member had time to consult his constituents beyond the province of Caraccas; but no harm can come by the emancipation of the slaves in Venezuela, for not more than one twentieth part of the population are white; they are a mixed population—

> From lily white to coal black rose.

They are crossed principally by Indian and negro blood, intermixed with that of the European Spaniard, and these crossings have been so often for three centuries, that it is impossible to tell which species predominates. The negro slave will therefore be received into the masses without any difficulty.

On the Sunday after the promulgation of the emancipation act the servants who had been slaves, paid no attention to the pretended boon, and were not inclined to leave their good and comfortable homes to seek a precarious living in the streets, nor forsake those families in which they were born and brought up. They were seen as usual behind their mistresses, carrying the *alfomboas* (hearth rugs, such as are used in the United States) for their mistresses to sit or kneel upon in church; for the churches in Venezuela have neither pews nor seats, and the ladies—God bless them!—have their carpets spread on the brick pavement, on which they squat like Indians, or sit cross-legged—(I beg the ladies' pardon), cross-footed, like a tailor on his board; and in this situation they hear mass. A number of Monagistes assembled at the church doors, crying "down with the *alfombras*," and abusing the ladies with indecent language, and tried to cause the servants to desist from their menial employment in carrying the carpets to church, as usual, for their mistresses; and the following Sunday the police had to be stationed at the church doors to keep order.

It will be recollected that by a decree of the 21st July, 1821, all children born of slave mothers from that date were free, but compelled as *manumesos* to serve until they were 21 years old; consequently there were no slaves on the day of final emancipation under 33 years of age, and the owners are to be indemnified, according to the tariff established, or valuation by law, by which slaves could purchase their own freedom, which is as follows: From 15 to 30 years of age, $300; 45 years, $260; 50 years, $200; 55 years, $125; 60 years, $50; 63 years, $5; beyond that, no value. It is not known how many slaves existed on the day of the manumission.

COMPROMISE IMPOSSIBLE.—It is a cheering sign of the times that men are at length beginning to feel and to declare, that, in the nature of things, compromise between Liberty and Slavery is a phantom, a cheat, an impossibility; that there can be no cessation of hostilities, no peace nor quiet, till Slavery itself is utterly exterminated. For declaring this doctrine, and acting upon it, Abolitionists have been denounced as fanatics and fools; but their wisdom is at length vindicated by the declarations of men heretofore opposed to their movements. We have been particularly gratified in noticing the fact that not a few of the clergymen who have preached against the Nebraska swindle have given utterance to this truth. We have an example before us in an extract from a sermon preached by the Rev. John H. Worcester (a former school-mate of the writer of this paragraph) of Burlington, Vt, Mr. Worcester says:

"Nothing is settled but what is right. The rocking thrones of the Old World find it so. And it is so here. A grevious wrong *wrought into our Constitution*, is a perpetual source of unrest, like the fire in the bowels of Vesuvius. While Slavery remains it must always be a source of strife and trouble. Not till a disruption between the North and South, or till the evil be removed, can there be an end of agitation. Compromises between wrong and right are continually made in society, in politics, and in the individual soul, but still the volcanic fires break forth. So let it ever be. Rest in wrong is not the true well being either of the soul or state."

It would have been fortunate for the country and for the cause of liberty if this fundamental fact of the utter impossibility of peaceful relations between the North and the South had been seen and comprehended at an earlier day. But let us be thankful that a truth so important has at last found a lodgement in the Northern mind and heart. It is a great step gained, and foreshadows an approaching victory.

THE CENTRAL PRINCIPLE OF COLONIZATION.—H. Ward Beecher, in a notice (in the *Independent*) of Lieut. Foote's "Africa and the American Flag," makes the following allusion to the Colonization Society and the absurd prejudice in which it had its design.

But Lieut. Foote seems yet under the influence of the injurious notion that coloured men cannot rise in the United States to any such condition as ought to satisfy them; and that Liberia is a country where, alone, they can stand erect, without a degrading consciousness of inferiority. But after reading, with great care, every word which he has written, we can see nothing in the colony which, in a political or social point of view, would induce us, did we belong to this race, to exchange our residence. We can perceive reasons of a commercial character for a residence on the western coast of Africa; and still stronger reasons, of a religious and benevolent character; but none at all of a social and political character.

The *inferiority* of the coloured race in America is no bar to their thrift and happiness. The whites here are degraded too. There are inferior classes and subordinate occupations; but no one feels that there is any evil in mere inferiority, *if there is no bar* to the elevation of any individual who has in him *the force to rise*. All that can be asked for the African is, that he be allowed to participate equally with other citizens, in common, political, educational, and religious rights; and then to stand just where his *real* weight and character place him. But if a Christian people urge a whole race to voyage five thousand miles, to get away from an odious and un-Christian prejudice, intimating their determination to keep their prejudices, the argument becomes not a little remarkable. And when such a feeling, abhorent to Christian love, becomes the central and working motive of an organization, when a wide scheme of beneficence abroad is made to revolve around such a centre at home, one cannot help doubting whether the funds used to send the Gospel to benighted Africa might not be employed among benighted Christians in Amercia, with quite as direct a reference to the spread of Christian truth and principles in the earth.

SOUTHERNERS AT THE NORTH.—The *Times* hears from a very creditable source, that some Southerners are already looking out for Northern Summer residences. It thinks that if the thing is once started, it must become popular; that a house on the Hudson or Connecticut, in the Highlands, or on the sea-shore will be preferable for families to a sojurn at any of the fashionable Springs; and that a great many people would buy a home for Summer life at the North, and transfer all their families, if it could be done within the bounds of reasonable economy.

This movement, should it prove to be one of any extent, on the part of the slaveholders will at once lead to the struggle for the legalization of Slavery on Northern soil. Our Southern nabobs, would, no doubt, prefer to bring their household slaves with them when they come North to pass the summer. This may be the next issue with the Slave Power, unless the Annexation of Cuba should come first. There is no possibility of erecting any effectual barrier against the encroachments of this fell Power while the North remains in the Union. This truth is beginning to be seen and felt by many who, until now, regarded it as the wildest fanaticism.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.
NO. CXLVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent beginneth a Letter and lo! it turneth out a Sermon—Why he preacheth—He giveth his idea of the Nebraska Villany, and of what cannot be done and of what can—He Apologizeth and concludeth, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, May, 23d, 1854

I had just taken up my pen and spread my paper before me to begin my regular letter to you, when the newspapers were brought in, and, of course, I had to stop long enough to see what was in them. And there I found, what I knew was coming, to be sure, that the *coup d'etat* was struck last night at Washington, that thirteen men (a fit number for a villany so full of evil omen) had effected a Revolution in our public policy, if not in out institutions. Not in our institutions, for it was but the legitimate carrying out of our institutions—just as the slave's offering his back to the inevitable whip is a necessary consequence of Slavery. The North has been kicked once more—that's all. I wonder whether it can electrify her with any spark of spirit. I am afraid not. Cotton is an excellent protection against such sparks. Gold and silver, too, are non-conductors of this sort of electricity. Cotton-bags are as effectual a defence against the insults and outrages of the Slaveholders as they were against the bullets of the British at New Orleans. You remember that *thirteen* is a fatal number. It is a superstition felt by many that where thirteen sit down at table, one will die before the twelve next months are out. I wonder whether there is any hope that any of the thirteen cannibals that hewed the Missiouri Compromise like carrion fit for the hounds of Slavery, will come to their political decease within a year? I am afraid not. The demoralization of the nation by the Fugitive Slave Bill and the atrocities worked under pretence of it, has done its natural and necessary work in disorganizing the Northern heart, so that it can only be conscious of insult, but not resent it. What could rouse men who submitted to the Compromises of 1850 to anything more than a mock resistance.

All this is not in the vein of my letters to you, generally; but it is hard for any one but a Nero to fiddle while Rome is burning. Only we shall get used to it before long. I do not know enough of parliamentary tactics to know whether the minority desisted from their concerted resistance because they were overpowered or because they were bullied or cajoled. A "*factious resistance*" to such a gang of conspirators as had got possession of the capitol! Why, Guy Fawkes himself could not have devised a scheme for *blowing up* such scoundrels that would not have met with the approbation of posterity and of good men everywhere. I trust the minority did not yield to those insolent clamours. But we shall know all about it before you go to press, so I will waste no time in vain speculations. I trust it was done in the most insulting and outrageous way possible. If, like Mawworms, as we are, we "likes to be despised," let the contempt we court be heaped upon us in the most offensive form it can take. The Slaveholders and their Northern tools have always done this pretty well from the very first institution of the government; but they have gone on improving by practice from

Miscellaneous Department.

GUANO.

Guano, as I have stated in a preceding page, lies upon all the islands in the form of high, smooth, rounded hills, and covers nearly every part of all of them, following the inequalities of the underlying rock. At a distance it makes them all seem to be islands of rock, bordered by cavernous perpendicular cliffs, and covered with reddish yellow sand, but little lighter in colour than the volcanic sand, which everywhere on hills and plains fringes the Peruvian coast. Where it has been cut away it is lighter still, being of an undecided mixture of red, white, yellow and gray—a sort of subochre, or, to be very precise, about the colour of white and red ashes of anthracite coal, mingled in equal proportions. On the sides of the cuttings where it has been taken away, it may be seen to lie in separately coloured layers or strata, generally parallel with the plane of the horizon, of all thicknesses from that of a sheet of pasteboard to two or three inches; the red layers were usually the thickest; but they were of all shades and succeeded each other without any ascertainable order—red, white, brownish, grayish, faint yellow, earthy, white, brown, red, and so on—so that I could never adopt a theory which I much wished to form, that the differently coloured strata were deposits made at different seasons, year after year, for ages, and that each season had a peculiar correspondent hue on account of the periodical visits of different species of birds, or of birds and seals.

Indeed, although interested in the inquiry, as no one could help being in so singular a place, I was never able to satisfy myself with any hypothesis to account for the guano being there as it is under all its conditions. That it is produced by birds and seals there can be no doubt. Every part of it abounds with the remains of them. Eggs, and wing bones of birds, and canine teeth of sea lions changed to ammonia, are found in every part of it; I cut them out with my knife from the base of the cutting on the North Island, where the guano is deepest, a hundred and fifty feet below the surface. After going down a few feet, the whole substance of the stratified deposit is the same throughout. In some places there is a difference in depth of colour perceptible in contiguous strata for a foot or two in thickness, extending along the whole of the cuttings where they are exposed. This would include so many of the thin strata, that it must have taken years, and perhaps hundreds of years, in its formation. What causes could have operated to give so marked a change of colour, while the producing and stratifying agencies were unchanged, through so long a time? Why should a series of strata, the same in substance and form, be redder or browner than other series above and below it? I could no more account for this than for the irregularity of the strata themselves.

Buried in the guano, also at great depths, are fragments of granite, not water worn, but freshly fractured, like fragments thrown off in blasting and chipping. They occur in pieces so large that birds or seals could never have brought them there; there is no granite nearer than San Gallan Island, nearly twenty miles to the southward. How shall we account for their being there?

But what was most puzzling, the strata do not follow the convexity of the hills. They are more level. And I remarked in the only place where the cuttings gave an opportunity for observing, that they continued at nearly the same level on two elevations, and did not follow the depression of an inconsiderable valley. They cropped out on the sides of one swell or gentle roll of the surface and appeared on another, as if the intervening depression had been worn away by the action of water. But how, if the guano has been for the last few centuries in process of formation by birds and seals, should these outcropping strata come out so near the surface? for I should have observed that the edges of the layers on the sides of the elevations come out to within a few feet, and mingle there with loose unstratified guano, which forms a surface covering everywhere. If the horizontal strata had been submerged and worn away by water into elevations and depressions, as seemed the only reasonable supposition, why should not the constantly forming deposit, in the ages since its emergence, take the form of the mounds and valleys on which it rests? We cannot suppose that the islands have changed their form in the last hundred years; in that time one would think that new strata would have been formed which would have overlaid the other like a rind. But the level strata include all the compact guano, and preserve their places nearly to the height of the elevations. It is true that the seals are said to have resorted to the highest places they could find, and their skeletons may still be seen on the summit of the South Island, at least four hundred feet above the sea level. This might in part account for the apparent outcropping of the strata; the seals might have preferred the elevations and deserted the depressions, and the strata might thus appear to have been abraded by water after deposition. This was the only supposition; and the strata were so strongly marked, and the undulations of the surface so gentle, that it was far from satisfactory.

That such great deposits could have been formed by seals and birds alone is not at all incredible; it is only the conditions under which they are found that are so difficult to account for—the irregularity in the order of the strata, the difference in colour in contiguous series of strata in the almost homogeneous mass, the presence of fragments of granite, and the apparent independence of the strata and want of conformity with the inequalities of the surface. Here would seem to be enough inexplicable phenomena, without opening the inquiry how such masses of ammonia could have remained under water, on the supposition of their submergence.

On each of the three Chinchas is a place where the uniformity of the cliffs is interrupted, and the hill of guano slopes down to a narrow bench. It was said by English captains and others who had visited the island fifteen or twenty years ago that thousands—millions one of them expressed it—of seals might then be seen going up these slopes at certain times of the year to the tops of the hills. On the South Island I saw many skeletons of them lying on the surface or half buried in it, and fancied I could trace where the bodies had turned, and what was left of them was still turning into guano. The animals must have reached there of their own accord, though why they should choose to ascend so high out of their usual element on a hot dusty hill, and how they were able to drag themselves over it nearly a mile and four or five hundred feet upward are points on which they have not left us any information. But the fact is unquestionable, and is another singularity in the natural history of these mysterious creatures. If they invaded the high land in such numbers as is related, the largest portion of the guano may be readily accounted for. Multitudes were left there dead; the old sealers frequently say that it is for this purpose alone, to die, that the creatures ascend. The vestiges of such hosts must have been enormous. The sea lion is a consumer and producer on a most magnificent scale as well as a practical free trader; there is no tariff on his imports and exports. Coprophagous birds must have accompanied his progress in myriads; the turkey buzzards must have hung over his dying carcass like the breath of the sweet south and the vultures of the sea must have hovered and flapped around him, shaking a thousand odours from their dewy wings.

The result of all my investigations of this delicate subject is that the reddish streaks in the guano are from small birds and the remains of sea lions, which the vultures could not carry away; the other lighter coloured strata, generally thinner, are from pelicans and the larger sea birds. There is nothing in the way of the supposition the whole deposit may have been formed long since the building of the Pyramids of the Nile, except the granite fragments and the water-worn valleys; and I am inclined to think it of recent formation notwithstanding these. Very little decay or loss takes place after the vultures have done their work, and the chemical action changing the tough hides and bones to ammonia has begun. The climate is so dry that the volatile alkali is not set free, but remains there forever. Perhaps the granite fragments were thrown there in some of the eruptions that may have occurred on this coast within the last thousand years; but then they are found through the whole substance. No sea lions now visit the islands large enough to have carried them there. Perhaps, too, the islands have been submerged, or great waters have flowed over them in earthquakes such as destroyed old Callao; and perhaps not. Fortunately travellers are not obliged to account for all the unexplained phenomena they meet with. I shall therefore leave the subject with the usual Spanish "*Quien sabe?*" It may have been already investigated; if not it should be brought to the notice of scientific men as a curious inquiry.

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The guano is dug from the hills and wheeled to depots or open inclosures, called "Manguecas," on the edge of the cliffs, at places where launches or vessels can be moored below, by coolies who are brought to Peru by English ships from the free ports of China. There are about three hundred coolies at work on the Middle Island and seven or eight hundred on the North. It is said that they are brought here under contracts made with them at home to labour for five years at a real, or York shilling, per day, and their rice; and that after they have served their time out, they are free to return. It is said, also, that they are induced to come by being made to believe they are going to labour in gold mines. The real truth I suppose to be that they are contracted for by the Peruvian Government and transferred to it at a profit by the English who bring them. Whatever their contracts may be, if there are any, the coolies, who are one of the contracting parties, become in effect absolutely slaves. They are condemned to be diggers of guano; their labour is much more severe and injurious than railroad digging; they have no liberty days, no protecting laws, no power to obtain even the pittance said to be paid them, no proper season of rest. Most of them go nearly naked; none have more than enough clothing just to cover themselves; they live and feed like dogs; they are constantly within reach of the thongs of hideous black drivers—the link between men and devils; there are no woman among them, nothing to mitigate their hopeless toil. Before and around them is the shining bay, and beyond it green groves and mountains; near at hand hundred of ships coming and going, filled with men like themselves, only free! They, too, have been free; they were not born in Slavery; they are not domestic slaves or plantation slaves; but slaves without any title, or rights; or conceded customs—mere overworked beasts of burden.

Almost every week some of them commit suicide by throwing themselves from the cliff. They are said to do this in the belief that their spirits will awaken in their native land. Kossuth told me that more than sixty had killed themselves this way in the two years he has been there. One was driven over the cliff, or jumped off, and was dashed in pieces, to escape the lash of a black driver, who chased him to the verge in sight of a Captain of an American ship, the week before we left. The cliff where he leaped is two hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular. Kossuth affects to pity these coolies; but he is said to over-task them. Each one, strong and weak alike under his overseers, is required to dig and wheel to the mangueras five tuns of guano per day. They are kept at labour Sundays as well as other days; under Serrate, however, on the North Island, I believe Sundays are allowed them—or at least they are paid a little extra if they choose to dig guano on that day.—*Melbourne and the Chincha Islands.*

ONE OF OUR LEGAL FICTIONS.

[MRS. NORTON.]

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interest, one in life. No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but, united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible for ever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself, in the large being of her husband: while he, in the vanguard of life, protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger, and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protection; and what sacrilege to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honour them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper; and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bound epic was written in letters of gold and blazoned in the brightest colours of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke, like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love, certainly; but of a love whose passion, when it was burned out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart-union wove fresh ties in place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent, and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organization, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect, or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side: she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some, resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure, and now resolved to resist. So, things went on in a sad unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity, and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults, and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the Ecclesiastical law calls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of protection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They had now three children who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble, boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes and eager love made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sakes she endeavoured to be patient. Her love for them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood; and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials now coming fast upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But, matters came at last to a climax; though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results: a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining at home with the father. The day after she left, she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for, the children had been taken away, with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding place. But without any good result. The woman who had received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her, and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return, widowed and childless, to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that she did return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for, her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house door only with the chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit, he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But, the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box, gave a verdict in favour of the defendant: a gentleman of known honour and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the pecuriar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge; a dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household goods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended, and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister, a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her"! The yet younger was stripped naked and chastised with a riding whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed, and still the quarrel and the separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshiped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privileges to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—what no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond its strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom God has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonour if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she—a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel—had no right to those who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer laboured hard to show its cruelty. This misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principal of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his rising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husbands sole advantage. She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from the father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not now continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefiting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of a reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife were one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law suit, where judgment was given in open court, to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the married idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year—but that her husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sums paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by *her*. For, she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the laws.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throw a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape and build no cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and allowed by our laws—and men stand by and say, "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws!"

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women, and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them, it is very note-worthy, indeed, in this country of Great Baitain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed and reforms to be made that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder cries.

Justice to women. No fanciful rights, no unreal advantages, no preposterous escape from womanly duty, for the restless, loud, and vain; no mingling of women with the broils of political life, nor opening to them of careers which nature herself has pronounced them incapable of following; no high-flown assertion of equality in kind; but simple justice. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honourable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral Wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strawed. Justice to women. That is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great injustice done to them, and of their maltreatment under the eyes of a whole nation, by the Law.—*Household Words.*

AN AMERICAN NEGRO IN HAYTI.

Mr. Bigelow, one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, passed the last winter in Hayti, and has commenced a series of well-written and very interesting letters, for that papers, upon the present political, moral and social aspect of the Island. We copy a pleasant sketch, in one of them, of an American emigrant who made Hayti his home a few years since:

I received an invitation, a week or two since, from one of my new Haytian acquaintances to visit the *Maison Centrale*, a sort of industrial establishment in this city, founded by the government, and originally designed to develop a taste for the sciences and arts among the people. It was also intended as a workhouse, in which the industry of the state prisoners might be turned to some account. I was told that nothing was done there at present, but I felt curious to see what sort of attempt had been made by the Haytians in a direction in which the Africans and their descendants have never exhibited any special aptitude.

The *Maison Centrale* is of stone, two stories high, and about a hundred feet front on the street; two wings, one story high, project in the rear from both ends of the main edifice the entire depth of the lot, about 200 feet, leaving an open space between, appriated to the culture of choice tropical trees and fruits, among which I recognised, as I entered, the orange, the plantain, the palma Christi, the banana and china, or, as it is commonly called, cinchona.

I should have said that the entrance was guarded by two soldiers in rather, indeed I may say altogether, a seedy costume, to one of whom my companion gave our names, with a request that he would announce our arrival to the superintendent. We were at once shown into a large room, very appropriately furnished, as a sort of director's room. Several paintings and engravings, rather more creditable to the patriotism than to the skill of their artists, adorned the walls, and in the centre of the room stood a large table, on which were lying several standard works on chemistry and the arts. After waiting about ten minutes, a rather tall and thin man, about forty years of age, entered, with a black and thoroughly African face, high shoulders, uncommonly long arms and thin legs, dressed in a sky-blue coat, red vest, white pantaloons, spotless linen and carefully polished boots, for the accommodation of a very large pair of feet. His hands, also very long, were covered with clean white cotton gloves. He was presented to me as Baron Montgomery. By the red ribbon which I saw in the button-hole of his coat, I discovered that he also had been decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour. He looked altogether unlike the mass of blacks on the island, and seemed more to resemble the American type with which I was familiar. But I was yet more surprised to find that he talked English. I remarked to him that in that respect he had the advantage of most of his countrymen, and asked how he learned to speak it so well. He said that he learned it in the United States, and then, in reply to some questions of mine, gave me the history of his somewhat chequered career.

He said he was born in Baltimore. While a lad, he went to Pennsylvania, where he was employed in a distillery, and picked up a smattering of chemistry and mechanics. When the new constitution of that State, which excluded the blacks from their anticipated privileges of citizenship, went into operation, he made up his mind that there was no future for people of his colour there or in the United States, and the quicker they all left the country, the better for them. Old Isaac Tyson, the well-known philanthropist of Baltimore, told him he was right, and advised him to go to Hayti. He did so, arriving here in May, 1840, during the presidency of Boyer. He immediately turned his attention to raising cinnamon, pimento and black pepper, and one or two other tropical products for which the climate was favourable, and imported some seed for the purpose from the United States; but he was forbidden by Boyer to proceed, on the ground that he did not wish the people to learn any easier way of getting a living than by cultivating coffee, upon which it seemed to be his ambition to concentrate all the industry of the island. For a like reason he was forbidden to establish a soap factory at St. Marks, which he projected, and which he thought might have been made profitable. Finding so little encouragement in his efforts to turn his chemical and agricultural knowledge to account, Montgomery determined to go out into the wild province of Hinche, near the sources of the Artibonite—the revolt of the Dominicans from the Haytians had not then taken place—and devote himself, in company with another man, to raising cattle. He did so, and was quite successful. While in the full tide of prosperity, the revolt of the Dominicans occurred, and he lost everything.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, he returned to St. Marks, and established a distillery for the manufacture of rum. Here he rapidly got rich, and when Soulouque became President, Montgomery was selected, in consequence of his scientific attainments, to fill the post of Director of the *Maison Centrale*, a situation to which his claim was as undeniable as was the bull's, from his superior strength, to toll the bell at the funeral of Cock Robin. Shortly after the President took the title of Emperor, Montgomery was created a baron, with a "de" before his name, and decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour.*

When he had finished his story, he showed me some paper which he had made entirely himself, from banana grown on the premises. He also made all the machinery used in its manufacture, and bleached it with chloride of lime. The paper was fine, had a good face and fair body; it was not, however, perfectly white, but about the colour of what is known as India paper. I send you some specimens. He afterwards took me to the workshop, to see his machinery. It had not been used for many weeks, and was quite in disorder. It was, besides, of the very rudest kind. Every sheet of paper he made must have cost a dollar, if he had paid ordinary wages to his workmen. He then showed me some *bois dentelle*, lace-wood, which grows in the greatest abundance all over the island, the bark of which, he said, was better adapted for making paper than anything else ever used, not excepting rags. I send you a bundle of it, with which the baron was good enough to favour me. This bark peels off like slippery-elm, and is full of holes like lace-work, from whence it derives its name. I was assured that it might be delivered, in any quantity, at New York, for two cents a pound. When I reflected that most of the paper used in the United States was made from rags, imported twice the distance from here to New York, and costing there from three to six cents per pound, and when I remembered that the sheets upon which this letter will be printed will cost eight or nine dollars the ream, it struck me that some of our enterprising New York paper dealers might find it worth their while to send for a lot of the *bois dentelle*, and try what they can do with it. It may be that we have bark nearer home, equally well adapted to the manufacture of paper, but Montgomery, who is not ignorant of the productions of the American forests, said he knew of nothing in or out of the United States from which better paper could be made than from the lace-wood of Hayti.

We visited the other parts of the establishment, but, from all I could see, there had never been much of anything done in it, and now nothing was doing. There were three or four men about the premises, but they seemed to have nothing in particular to do, except to revolve around the Baron, whose duties were apparently as limited as his salary, which was only two hundred Haytian (equivalent to about twelve American) dollars a month.

The Baron seemed pleased to meet a person from the United States, and expressed a strong desire that others of his colour should follow his example and emigrate to Hayti, where, if they were temperate and industrious, they were sure, he said, to do well. A few days after I took my leave, I received a letter from him, which, in a note accompanying it, he said he wished me to lay before the people of colour in the United States, a request with which I cheerfully comply. I have thought it would be most satisfactory to him, as well as to the readers of the *Evening Post*, to publish the letter precisely as it was written, except the punctuation, which is mostly mine. It will thus best show what disadvantages this uneducated negro has overcome in reaching the position of high respectability and honour which he now occupies in Hayti, and how much energy and manly pride must lie at the base of a character that could accomplish so much as he has done with such limited opportunities.

Liberté, Indépendance.

Empire D'Haïti.

No.

Port-au-Prince, le 5 Janvier, 1854,
an 51e. de l'indépendence, et le
5e. du règne de S. M. I.

Le Baron N. De Montgomery,

Chevalier de l'ordre impériale de la Légion-d'honneur, directeur de la maison centrale *

I take the Liberety to write that you may tell the people of color how I have got A long in Haty. I come to Haty in 1840, May 15. I had A talk with the president Boyer, but he gave me no incuragement to stay. I ast no favours from him but went to work; I did not seddown in the town of port-au-prince nor walk about the streets: went in the country and went to worke, for the farmers give 25 cents a day, and labrers on the warfe got $1 00 dollar A day, but I did not want to be A labrer in Haty. I thought of our old friend Tysons instructions. he sed the day wood cum when the poore Africain oud not get his bread if he did not help himself. I planted a small patch of sweete potaters; in seven weeks they was ripe. I commenced to eat and sell and plant the same ground, for before I dug my potatoes up I prepared my plants and put them in the same ground before I went to the house. If I got hungray, I made a fire and roasted some of the small potates; largest of them I sould untill I could by a young Sow-pig, and I continued to plant potatoes and sell til I could by a young cow and betwene hog And the Cow I got Along. I then went up into the part of the country Suted for paster whar I locoked all around not nowing how to sperk a word of the language. I seing that tobaco soald well and the ground could be planted without fencing I planted three thousand, and in two months I soald them for fifteen hundred dollars. In one day I took my hoe cleaned out the grass in the roes and the same rutes cum a gain in Six weeks, giving doble the quantity, each plant two or three sprouts. I made my garden larger, planted six thousand plants. now the drysason cum on, the natives told me, I wood loos my recolt, that is, my crop. I sed nothing, went to Port-au-Prince, and had made two watern pots, and I carred water up hill myself two hundred yards and made better crops than before; after this the old man dide, that oned the ground, and the children wanted shares and I sold my crop at one dollar a plant in the garden, cash. By this time from my own industry I had gethered together in money $16,000 dollars and three hundred of cattle. The man that interpered for me he did drink too much for me. I tried to make him leave my house, but he wood not. Well, I put my live stock in to the hands of John Hurst and went to Port au Prince. Hear I stopt a while but seeing that the politicks ware such as I judged that ware was at hand, I heard what eurebodysed† but taking no active part and sed nothing but got out of Port au Prince, went to arte bone‡ to a town caled little river where I planted the potatoes. Hear I got a plase to live as overseer with out pay onley make what I could until the cane was ripe and ground and then I was to have the half profit made on the whiskey. I worked hard night and day till the earth quake came which throun down the stillhous. but I went to work for to clear the old fondation, and rebuild the still house again. We got it dun and made more stilling. The revolution brouk oute, Boyer run away, revier§ succeeded with a promis to adopt the constitution of the united states which every one hart leapt to hear. No more solders but go to worck. After revier tuck a notion to go to saint domingo, every body must go; I staid to my work, when revier came to the town whare I was, he offered me the rank of a colonel. I refused it and said that I would suner plant cane; never have bean under arms cinse in the country. I like my werk tu well and did not think of things be hind me in the uninted states, but worked hard my loan self, in the interior; heard not a word of English spoken five years. I drink no spiritus liquer, I seen no wheat flour, no hams. I raised turkeys, Chickens, Sheap, goats, hogs, cowes, planten manyoke, rice, corne, piteme,‖ sweete potatoes, and lived well of the produce of the land in which, I am, where if a grain fall on the ground it come up and bairs. What is more I suner be a planter then a bone suker or white washer or shoo clener or scrubbing houses. Labrors get hear now $16 dollars* a day on the warfe, and from fifty to a hundred in stoars and cant be got at that. Mechanics of all kinds air wanted, the government in curinges all cinds of incustre. I came into the country poor. I had clothing, and before I wore out what I brought, had worked and saved the sum of $17 thousand dollars* in cash, four hundred head of cattle. All this I gethered before the ware brouck out. At that time worked in the still, at fifty dollars a week. I continued my garden, plantid cane, made molasses, and sold by the hundred pounds which wos $6 dollars then and now is $40 dollars, and sow I got along through all the bad times and now times is better than ever was, for people that never had ten dollars in their trunks, air now building houses, by inglarge farnes, coffee seling $125 a pound, coton $250 a pound. When wonce planted it bears continually; palmer-christy $4 a bottle; it growes all the year round. I planted sum thirteen years a go; it bares more now than ever. I wood not change country a gain, for I seen the people come fron Europe and in a little time was rich because they had the rights, of man hear; I have also. And this is a good furtile country; enething and every thing groes hear; thair is all cinds of minerls hear; I have searched and found, iron, Lead, tin, coper, zink, silver and goald & three different sorts of coal.

In the formation of the Empire I was created Baron and decker ated with a cros of onner with a pay of $ 200 hundred dollars A month. My posestions, in thirteen years air more then my fathers in the united states was, in forty yars. He fouht in the revolution of 1776 but he had no place, not eving licens to clear out prives becaues he was A descendant of Africa. could I stay in the united States upon such conditions? no never; let me go to a land whare I have my rights. I had in 1840 when I arived in Port-au-Prince $ 15 dollars in my pocket. I have received from Mahogney Soald this year a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; it is not boroed money but my own labour; besides I have five lots in Port-au-Prince and three houses that rents for one hundred dollars a month, and thus I have multiplied my $ 15 dollar in thirten years.

Le Dr Baron

N. de Montgomery.

Baron Montgomery and the *Maison Centrale* of Port au Prince are fair exponents of the present condition of the industrial arts in Hayti. There are no manufactories here of any consequence, except distilleries for making rum and taffiia. There are some cabinet makers and house-carpenters, but the former are chiefly employed in repairing furniture imported from abroad, and the latter never attempt any but the simplest styles of architecture. The Haytians build no ships, nor have they the means of doing any but the simplest repairs to them. There are a few blacksmiths, and workers in tin, and tolerably good hatters, but for manufactured articles of all kinds the people rely mostly upon foreign countries. Indeed, the African has never shown any peculiar aptitude for the mechanical arts, nor for any department of industry which depends for its success upon a patient experimental study of the relations of cause and effect. This is, in part, a consequence, doubtless, of their defective reasoning faculty, and serves to explain their propensity to superstition. People accustomed to study the relations of cause and effect, in the sensible, by which I mean the physical forms of nature, are rarely the victims of superstition. They are accustomed to find a cause for everything, or at least for so many things, in the course of their daily employments, that they infer there can be no effect without a cause, and that like causes invariably produce like effects. Hence they are not apt to attribute strange and unexplained phenomena to supernatural agencies, but rather set about studying them, with a perfect confidence that their laws are within the proper range of human inquiry. Virgil has felicitously coupled the knowledge of causes and the conquest of fears in the following familiar lines:

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Quique metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitum que Acherontis Avari.

There is no people in the world that has realized more of the happiness here spoken of as the result of a knowledge of causes than the people of the United States. Physical labour is less disreputable there than in any other part of the world, and all classes are drilled from their infancy in that industrial logic which, while it has made the ingenuity of our people famous throughout the world, has already nearly extinguished every relic of superstition among them.

In those countries where the physical arts and sciences are most neglected, on the other hand, there the imagination has wings to fly, without legs to stand upon; superstition becomes a sort of superfetation of religion, and the judgment is held in servile bondage to the most absurd and childish fears. This is the case with the people of this island. They have preserved many of the superstitions common to their ancestors in Africa, to which they have added many borrowed from the habits and creeds of other nations. I propose to speak of some of them hereafter. I refer to the subject now, as one of the most unhappy consequences of the indisposition or incapacity of this race for the prosecution of physical or experimental science, even in its most rudimental forms, and of the folly which the present and past governments of Hayti have uniformly exhibited in sacrificing every species of industry to the culture of coffee. They have thus deprived the people of those highly important educational influences which result from variety of occupations, and have withdrawn every inducement for the exercise of ingenuity and skill in the industrial arts. J. B.

* The ordinance by which these honours were conferred describes him thus: Mr. le baron N. de Montgomery, Chevalier de l'ordre imperial de la legion d'honneur, directeur de la Maison Centrale.

* Thus far the letter was a printed form.
† Everybody said.
‡ Artibonite, the chief mahogany district of Hayti.
§ President Rivieres, who succeeded Boyer.
‖ *Petit millet*, a species of millet which grows here in large quantities.
* A Haytian dollar is worth about 6 cts.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

An Good Omen.—The first Russian prizes taken are vessels laden with salt; the very article that we propose to put upon the tail of the eagle.—*Punch.*

—— The decorous London *Spectator* is responsible for the following:

"A story is current among the friends of the late Duke of Wellington, that he had occasion, not very long after the accession of Nicholas, to discover the practical character of the hypocrite. The Emperor made to the great captain certain statements respecting military proceedings, which, from such authority, Wellington received as facts. Mr. Canning afterwards pointed out to the Duke the statement from St. Petersburg, undoubtedly authentic, that was totally incompatible with the imperial statement. Nicholas lately designated himself to our Ambassador by the name of 'gentleman;' on the occasion we speak of, the Duke applied to the autocrat an epithet much shorter: 'Yes,' he said to Canning, 'I see what you mean; but could I suppose that the fellow was a d—d liar?'"

——"Our established publishers of fiction," says the *Times*, "who charge a guinea and a half for a novel, consider, we believe, £150 fair remuneration to the author of the work if he have not a first class reputation. Mr. Routledge recently gave this sum for a novel containing more matter than is generally found in a work of fiction, but, instead of publishing the work at a guinea and a half, he offered it for 7s. In less than a fortnight he sold 1,400 copies of the book, and a sale of 2,000 will yield him fair profit. An American writer, Miss Warner, has written a book which must have frequently met the eyes of many of our readers. It is called 'Queechy,' Messrs. Nisbet, of Berner's street, published this book at 12s. Messrs. Routledge proposed to Messrs. Nisbet the publication of a cheap edition of this volume, and undertook to allow a handsome royal